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TO THE

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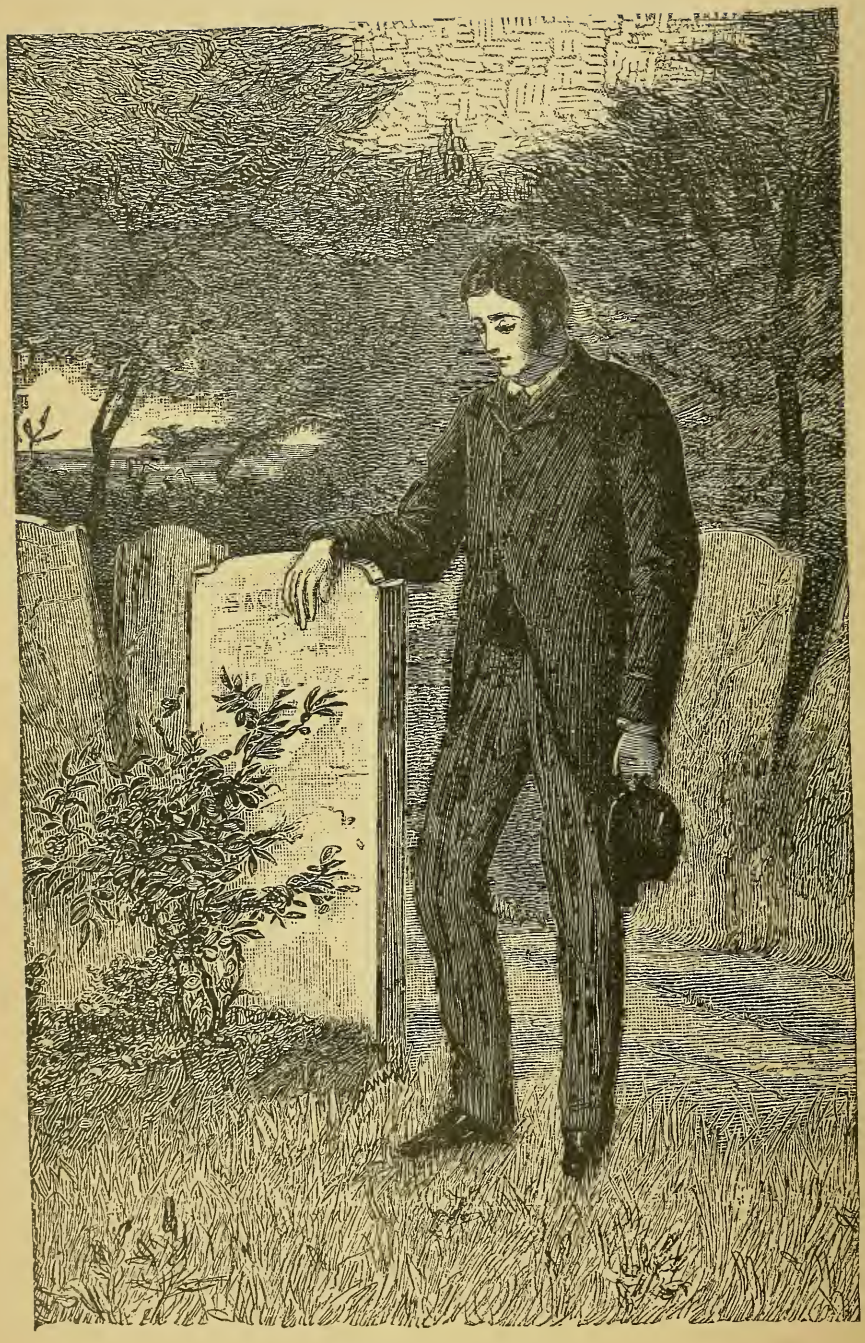

THE HOLY GRAVE.

A

TRIBUTE OF FLOWERS

TO THE

MEMORY OF MOTHER;

OR,

THOUGHTS ON MOTHER'S LOVE, MOTHER'S DEATH, MOTHER'S GRAVE, AND MOTHER'S HOME BEYOND.

33

ILLUSTRATED.

COMPILED

BY JOHN McCOY, M.D.

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PREFACE.

AFTER mother's death, years ago, we searched diligently for something to read, some book on the subjects presented here. We failed to find what we wished, and were thus led to gathering the "flowers of thought" which compose this volume.

We find that every man and woman whom the world has called great, and whose words have been saved for their wisdom and goodness, all cherished with the utmost tenderness their memories of Mother, of happy innocent childhood, and of home. Their testimony is always interesting, often very beautiful; and they speak the common sentiment of the human race. The love of home is universal. There is no place like home. The ties of home should be, and usually are, the strongest and most sacred of any on earth. True, in the busy street, young people go rushing on until the work of the day is over, but when night comes on, the heart is apt to wander back to—

"The Old Folks at Home."

The old house, the familiar walks about the place, the

garden paths, the deep, old-fashioned well, the barn and the gentle horse, the orchard, the family room and the aged ones—and especially the mother—are *all* called up, and the son or daughter is again with the loved ones at home. It is true that many a young man goes to the city and too soon forgets his father and mother, for we own that this is sometimes done; but *they* do not forget him. The social circle, the ball-room, and the theatre occupy his time, and his evenings are spent away from his room. If this book falls into the hands of such a young man, and it will, we hope he may stop and reflect before he leaves his room at night, and write a letter home.

WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

"Don't go to the theatre, concert, or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good, long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home—
Who sit when day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

"Don't selfishly scribble, 'Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely time to write.'

Lest their drooping thoughts go wandering back
To many a by-gone night—
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer,
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

"Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love and their counsel wise;
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes—
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite;
That you deem it a pleasure when far away,
Long letters home to write.

"Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thought for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off—
Let sleep or pleasure wait—
Lest the letter for which they have looked and longed,
Be a day or an hour too late.

"For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,

Are longing to hear from the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night."

There are no ties so near and dear as the ties of the family circle, the ties of home. More tears fall around the family hearth for the absent ones, the fallen ones, the lost ones, than any place else on earth. "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home;" and the reason is, we know we are loved and cared for at home.

We attended a concert, some years since, given by one of our best living artists. The audience was delighted with the excellent music, and at the close of each piece most heartily applauded. The concert was well advanced when the artist came on the stage, and the piano commenced softly to count off the notes of—

"Home, Sweet Home."

In a moment the large house roared with applause, and the singer could scarcely proceed. But the song over, the eager audience called the singer back, and applause again shook the house as a welcome to—

"The Old Folks at Home."

Tears filled the eyes of that vast audience, and many a strong man wept like a child, as his thoughts went back "home again."

Parents sometimes think their children do not care

for them, do not love them, because they stay long from home, and write but few and short letters; but such we do not believe to be the case. That young man who had not written home for months, sat by a beautiful young lady whom he had accompanied to the opera, and as "Home, Sweet Home!" floated out over the audience, tears ran down his face. Thoughts of his home and the mother that he loved, came vividly before his mind, and awakened the deepest emotions.

It is a great mistake for a young man not to write often to his mother; but it is seldom for want of love and respect for her that he neglects to do so. It is carelessness. The young not only fail in showing considerate attention, but they too often do not fully appreciate the self-sacrificing love and benign presence of mother; like the air and the sunlight, she and her tender ministries are received and looked upon as a matter of course. And how often will the wealth of her affections not be wholly known or felt till she is at rest in the home of the soul. Then they will regret that they did not write often, and that they staid so much from home. Their thoughtless negligence will cost them many a tear. No person who is true to purer impulses will neglect this blest privilege and sacred duty,

because the time will come when the consciousness of having done our duty to those who bore and cherished us will be of more worth than fame or gold.

This book is sent forth in the hope that it may awaken on the part of the husband and the child a deeper appreciation of her who is the central figure of home; that it may strengthen the family bonds, making them more beautiful and tender; that it may encourage charity, and breathe hope for that future where language is music, thought is light, and love is law. It embodies those rare gems of prose and poetry in which are set the most inspiring thoughts of the true and good in all ages. To the mature in years these thoughts will come as sad, sweet melodies, touching the soul with a gentle dew of melancholy, and bringing into view the reflected radiance of a golden dawning. To the young, they will brighten and deepen the pleasures and memories of home, awakening a nobler life and a grander future. J. M.

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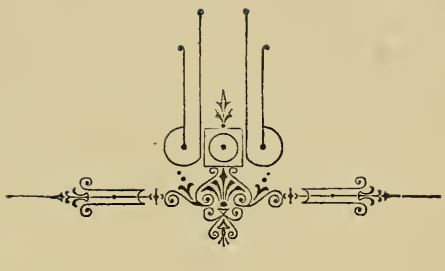
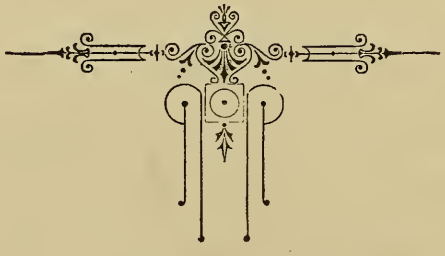
MOTHER'S LOVE.



"I feel that in the heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can know, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of 'Mother.'"
—*Poe's "To my Mother."*

"Maternal love! thou word that sums all bliss."
—*Pollok.*

"Mighty is the force of motherhood! It transforms all things by its vital heart; it turns timidity into fierce courage, and dreadless defiance into tremulous submission; it turns thoughtlessness into foresight, and yet stills all self-denial into calm content."—*George Eliot.*



MOTHER!

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS BOOK.

Professor David Swing.

AS in the blade of grass and in the smallest herb, the first years of our globe gave signs of the coming tree; as in the first drops of rain there was the promise of a coming ocean, as in the little garden of Eden there lay the prophecy of homes and cities and measureless fields, so the earliest instincts and affections of animal life were advance heralds of a profound devotion destined to appear in the form of a mother's love. Each wild beast which to the death would defend its young, each bird that screamed and fluttered when an enemy approached its nest said in distinct accents that Nature was preparing the way for a sublime sentiment—the attachment of a human mother to her children. It is proof of the defective civilization of the classics that the mother did not hold a high place in the esteem of

the great men of that period. It was in a more advanced stage of man that Cowper sang

"Oh that those lips had language."

What tears! what night-watching! what solicitude! what self-denial! what joy! what pure affection are included in the word "Mother!" She literally dies for her children. To them she gives all her thoughts and powers of mind and body. It is not to be wondered at that when writers, sacred or profane, have desired to convey some adequate notion of the love of God for His universe they have always asked us to look upon a mother and her child. In that attachment we find all the hights and depths of sentiment, and when human thought has compared God to a loving mother it can say no more—its richest emblem is then exhausted. Sad thought that even our mother must leave us and be placed under the sod! But dying, she is the best proof of immortality for her love is too divine to become dust.

Even among animals, the heart of a mother is a sublime thing
—*Dumas.*

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

O, WHETHER the brooks be tinged with flowers,
Or whether the dead leaves fall,
And whether the air be full of songs,
Or never a song at all,
And whether the vines of the strawberries,
Or frosts through the grasses run,
And whether it rain or whether it shines,
Is all to me as one.
For bright as brightest sunshine
The light of memory streams
Round the old-fashioned homestead,
Where I dreamed my earliest dreams.

AND say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind.

BLISSFUL Mary Morning, mother mild,
Mindful of naught but peace and of a child.

—*Sidney Lanier's "Sunrise."*

MATERNAL LOVE.

IF there is one mortal feeling free from the impurities of earthly frailty that tells in its slightest breathings of its celestial origin, it is that of a mother's love—a mother's chaste, overwhelming and everlasting love of her children.

The name of a mother is our childhood's talisman, our refuge and safeguard in all our mimic misery; 'tis the first half-formed word that falls from a babbling tongue; the first idea that dawns upon the mind; the first, the fondest and the most lasting tie in which affection can bind the heart of man.

It is not a feeling of yesterday or to-day; it is from the beginning the same, and unchangeable; it owes its being to this world, but is independent and self-existent, enduring while one pulse of life animates the breast that fosters it; and if there be anything of mortality which survives the grave, surely its best and noble passion will never perish.

Oh! it is a pure and holy emanation from Heaven's mercy, implanted in the breast of woman for the dearest and wisest purposes, to be at once her truest and most sacred pleasure, and the safety and blessing of her offspring.

'Tis not selfish passion, depending for its permanency on the reciprocation of its advantages; but in its sincerity it casteth out itself, and when the welfare of that object is at stake, it putteth away fear, and knoweth not weariness. It is not excited by form or feature, but rather, by a happy perversion of perception, imbues all things with imaginary beauty. It watches over our helpless infancy with the ceaseless benignity of a guardian angel, anticipates every childish wish, humors every childish fancy, soothes every transient sorrow, sings our sweet lullaby to rest, and cradles us on its warm and throbbing breast, and when pain and sickness prey upon the fragile form, what medicine is there like a mother's kiss, what healing pillow like a mother's bosom?

And when launched upon the wide ocean of a tempestuous world, what eye gazes on our adventurous

voyage with half the eagerness of maternal fondness, amid the sad yet not unpleasing contest of hopes, and fears, and deep anxieties?

When the rugged path of life has been bravely, patiently and nobly trodden—when prosperity has smiled upon us—when virtue has upheld us amid the world's temptations—virtue which she herself first planted in us—and when fame has bound her laurels round us, is there a heart that throbs with a more lively or greater pleasure?

Yet it is not prosperity, with her smile and beauty, that tries the purity and fervor of a mother's love; it is in the dark and dreary precincts of adversity, amid the cold frowns of an unfeeling world, in poverty and despair, in sickness and in sorrow, that it shines with a brightness beyond mortality, and, stifling the secret of its own bosom, strives but to pour balm and consolation on the wounded sufferer; and the cup of misery, filled to overflowing, serves but to bind them more firmly and dearly to each other, as the storms of winter bid the sheltering ivy twine itself more closely round the withering oak.

Absence cannot chill a mother's love, nor can even vice itself destroy a mother's kindness. The lowest degradations of human frailty cannot wholly blot out the remembrance of the first fond yearnings of your affection, or the faint memorial of primeval innocence; nay, it seems as if the very consciousness of the abject state of her erring child more fully developed the mighty force of that mysterious passion, which can forget and forgive all things; and though the youth of her fairest hopes may be as one cast off from God and man, yet will she not forsake him, but participate in all things save his wickedness!

I speak not of a mother's agonies when bending over the bed of death! nor of Rachel weeping for her children, because they were not!

The love of a father may be as deep and sincere, yet it is calmer, and, perhaps, more calculating, and more fully directed in the great periods and ends of life; it cannot descend to those minutiæ of affection, those watchful cares for the minor comforts and gratifications of existence, which a mother, from the finer sensibilities of her nature, can more readily appreciate.

The pages of history abound with the records of maternal love in every age and clime, and every rank of life; but it is a lesson of never-ending presence, which the heart can feel and acknowledge, and needs not example to teach how to venerate.

Can there be a being so vile and odious, so dead to nature's impulse, who, in return for constant care, such unvarying kindness, can willingly or heedlessly wound the heart that cherished him, and forsake the lonely one who nursed and sheltered him; who can madly sever the sweetest bonds of human union, and bring down the gray hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave; who can leave them in their old age to solitude and poverty, while he wantons in the pride of undeserved prosperity?

If there be, why let him abjure the name of man and herd with the beasts that perish, or let him feel to distraction that worst of human miseries,

"How sharper than a serpent's toooth it is
To have a thankless child." —*Shakespeare.*

A babe is a mother's anchor.—*Beecher.*

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

I LOVED thee, daughter of my heart!
My child, I loved thee dearly!
And though we only met to part!—
How sweetly! how severely!
Nor life nor death can sever
My soul from thine forever.

Thy days, my little one, were few;
An angel's morning visit,
That came and vanished with the dew,
'Twas here—'tis gone—where is it?
Yet didst thou leave behind thee
A clue for love to find thee.

Darling! my last, my youngest love,
The crown of every other!
Though thou art born in heaven above,
I am thine only mother!
Nor will affection let me
Believe thou canst forget me.

Then—thou in heaven and I on earth—
May this our hope delight us,
That thou wilt hail my second birth,
When death shalt reunite us ;
When worlds no more can sever,
Mother and child forever.

—*Montgomery*

MOTHERS.

WHAT a power in the very word. Mother! No power can break the spell which a good mother throws around her child. He may wander away from home, and may even seem for a while to forget a mother's prayer and a mother's kiss; but somewhere and somehow that lovely face and fond caress will flash upon the mind.

John Randolph said: "I should have been a French atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was that my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

No doubt hundreds and thousands of boys have been kept back from ruin by the hallowed influence which a fond and Godly mother had thrown around them in their early childhood. Well do we remember the solemn impression once made upon a boy's mind on accidentally coming near to where his mother was kneeling in secret prayer in the evening twilight. As he

stood as if chained to the spot, he heard the low, earnest entreaties which that mother poured out before the mercy seat, that God would bless and save her children. If an angel had been whispering in his ear a message of mercy, sent direct from before the mediatorial throne, he would not have been more fully conscious of the fact that Christ was inviting him to his loving embrace.

Richter is quoted as having said: "Unhappy the man whose mother does not make all mothers interesting." If the mother be true and pure, and interesting and gentle, she will ever live in the memory of the child as a model of all that is to be desired in the female character. And mothers should never forget that they wield a power which, by the blessing of God, can lead the child to a home in heaven.

TIRED MOTHERS.

—*Mrs. Albert Smith*

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much to bear—
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair;
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight,
You do not prize the blessings overmuch—
You are most too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away;
And now it seems surprising strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow on your tired knee—
This restless curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimple hand had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,
If the white feet into the grave had tripped—
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder that some mothers ever fret
At their precious darlings clinging to their gown;
Or that their foot-prints when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown;
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,

There is no woman in God's world could say
  She was more blissfully content than I;
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
  Is never rumpled by a shining head!
My singing birdling from its nest has flown—
  My little boy I used to kiss is—dead.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

O IF there be in retrospection's chain
  One link that knits us with young dreams again,
One thought so sweet, we scarcely dare to muse
On all the horded rapture it reviews—
Which seems each instant in its backward range,
The heart to soften and its ties to chain,
And every spring, untouched for years, to move—
It is the memory of a mother's love.

A MOTHER'S GIFT—THE BIBLE.

REMEMBER, love, who gave thee this
When other days shall come,
When she who had thine earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home;
Remember 'twas a mother gave
This gift to one she'd die to save!

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son,
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her beloved boy,
The source of light and life and joy.

She bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home:
She said his faith in this would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause and ask his breast
If she, or he, had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember 'tis no idle toy:
A mother's gift! remember boy!

MOTHER'S LOVE.

John S. Reid in Gulzer

BY her my lisping tongue in prayer
Was taught to bless the God of light,
Her kindness soothed my childish care,
And watched my slumbers during night.
Poor is the immortal sculptor's art,
The painter's pencil, poet's song,
Compared to her who moulds the heart
With plastic hand while pure and young.
A sister's love is warm and kind,
A brother's strong as hand of time;
And sweet the love of kindred mind,
But mother, these are not like thine.

Dear mother from thy home above,
Still come and bless me with thy love.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

WHAT household thoughts around thee as their shrine,
Cling reverently! of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes upon thy page divine,
Each day were bent;—her accents gravely mild,
Breathed out thy lore, whilst I, a dreaming child,
Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh discovered nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest;—yet would the solemn word
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be
A seed not lost;—for which in darker years,
O book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee!

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

MOTHER'S GOOD-BY.

SIT down by the side of your mother, my boy,
You have only a moment I know;
But you will stay 'till I give you my parting advice,
'Tis all that I have to bestow.

You leave us to seek for employment, my boy,
By the world you have yet to be tried;
But in all the temptations and struggles you meet,
May your heart in your Savior confide.

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right,
Wherever your footsteps may roam,
Oh, forsake not the way of salvation, my boy,
That you learned from your mother at home.

You'll find in your satchel a Bible, my boy,
'Tis a book of all others the best;
It will teach you to live, and help you to die,
And lead to the gates of the blest.

I gave you to God, in your cradle, my boy,
I have taught you the best that I know;
And as long as his mercy permits me to live,
I shall never cease praying for you.

Your father is coming to bid you good-by,
Oh, how lonely and sad we shall be;
But when from the scenes of your childhood and youth,
You'll think of your father and me.

I want you to feel every word I have said,
For it comes from the depths of my love;
And, my boy, if we never behold you on earth,
Will you promise to meet us above!

MY PLACE IN CHILDHOOD.

S. Lover.

THERE was a place in childhood, that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone, bright fairy tales did tell,
And gentle words, and fond embrace, were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place upon my mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "good-night," she softly said,
And kissed and laid me down to sleep upon my tiny bed,
And holy words she taught me there; methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of every time,

When doubt and danger weigh me down, then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven that bent my mother's knee.

O GOD, since ever I could speak,
My voice had fallen on faithful ears,
'Twas "Mother" in my triumph hour,
And "Mother" in my time of tears.
—*Laura C. Redden, in "Dear Mother."*

THE mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.—*Old Play.*

MY CHILD is lying on my knees;
The signs of heaven she reads:
My face is all the heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.—*Geo. Macdonald.*

MOTHER.

OF all the words cherished in the recollection of man—of all the names held sacred in his memory, that of *mother* falls upon his heart with the most sublime influence. How sweet the recollection in after years of a mother's tender training; and who is there that finds no relief in recurring to the scenes of his infancy and youth, gilded with the recollection of a mother's tenderness. And how many have nobly owned that to the salutary influence, then exerted, they must ascribe their future success, their avoidance of evil, when no eyes were upon them, but when rested on the heart, the warnings, the prayers, and tears of a mother.

The father may be tenderly loved, and all the affections of the heart may be drawn out to him who blessed us before reason dawned upon our minds, or our infant lips could speak his name; but still a mother's prayers and a mother's entreaties will survive the discordant elements of the world, after every other vestige of better days shall have been obliterated from the mind. Others

may love us fondly, but never again while time is ours shall any one's love be to us as fond, as tender, as devoted, as was that of our dear old trembling mother. Through helpless infancy her throbbing heart was our safe protection and support, and through the ills and maladies of childhood her gentle hand ministered and soothed as none other could. I feel animated to struggle more manfully in the great battle of life, when I remember my mother's holy counsel to me in childhood's early dawn, and in the slippery paths of youth. Ah! those words of tenderness—those pious precepts softened by a "mother's love"—too much unheeded *then*, and disregarded—*live now*, brightened in memory, and constitute my sweetest recollections. Her prayers for me in childhood—her sparkling crystal tears—made an impression on my young mind, as durable as time, and even now they bid me walk in the paths of rectitude. And shall I be faithless to my mother? HEAVEN FORBID!

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

N. P. Willis.

MY mother's voice, how often creeps
Its cadence o'er my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can't forget her melting prayer,
Even while my pulses madly fly;
And in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by;
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

MOTHER'S FINGERS.

Jessie M. Saxby.

MOTHER'S useful fingers, sewing dainty seams,
While her faith is brooding over hopeful dreams,
While her heart is happy in a dawning love,
Deftly move her fingers for the coming dove.

Mother's feeble fingers, fluttering slow and mild,
O'er the tiny features of her welcome child,
Stroking cherub dimples, smoothing ruffled hair,
Tending baby treasures with unrivaled care.

Mother's busy fingers working late and long,
Small and soft and tender, only through love strong,
Swiftly working wonders, never idly still,
Children's bread and raiment, rousing parent's skill.

Mother's loving fingers raising up the weak,
Passing cold and gentle, o'er the fevered cheek,
Soothing sick and weary, like a touch of dew,
Lifting sinking spirits to their life anew.

Mother's pious fingers, turning o'er and o'er
All the glowing pages of our sacred lore!
Falling on the young brows with a blessing fraught,
Mute and earnest, when her God was sought.

Mother's faithful fingers, stretching through the cloud,
Beckoning back the wanderer and the sinful bow'd,
Clasping hands that virtue scarce will touch again,
Clinging to the fallen, heedless of each stain.

Mother's tender fingers guiding failing eyes,
Holding all the closer as the darling dies;
Lingering o'er each duty to the passive form,
Shrouding silent features from the sun and storm.

Mother's lifeless fingers folded on her breast,
All their duty ended, laid at last to rest;
Noble work accomplished, quiet fingers cold,
Laid in peaceful silence 'mid the coffin mould.

Mother's angel fingers working golden strings
Where, a holy harper, sweet her spirit sings;
Pointing out the sky-way, leading those who come,
Dear immortal fingers, in the Father's home.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S love! oh, soft and low
As the tremulous notes of the lone dove's call,
Or the murmur of waters that gently flow,
On the weary heart those accents fall!

A mother's love! the sacred thought
Unseals the hidden fount of tears,
As if the frozen waters caught
The purple light of earlier years.

A mother's love! oh, 'tis the dew
Which nourished life's drooping flowers,
And fitteth them to bloom anew
'Mid fairer scenes—in brighter bowers.

MY MOTHER'S EASY CHAIR.

Sidney Dyer.

THE days of my youth have all silently sped,
And my locks are now grown thin and gray,
My hopes like a dream in the morning have fled,
And nothing remains but decay.
Yet I seem but a child as I was long ago,
When I stood by the form of my sire,
And my dear mother sang as she rocked to and fro
In the old easy chair by the fire.

Oh, she was my guardian and guide all the day,
And the angel who watched round my bed;
Her voice in a murmur of prayer died away,
For blessings to rest on my head.
Then I thought ne'er an angel that heaven could know,
Though trained in its own peerless choir,
Could sing like my mother who rocked to and fro
In the old easy chair by the fire.

How holy the place as we gathered at night
Round the altar where peace ever dwelt,

To join in an anthem of praise, and unite
In thanks which our hearts truly felt.
In his sacred old seat, with his locks white as snow,
Sat the venerable form of our sire,
While my dear mother sang as she rocked to and fro
In the old easy chair by the fire.

The cottage is gone which my infancy knew,
And the place is despoiled of its charms,
My friends are all gathered beneath the old yew,
And slumber in death's folded arms;
But often with rapture my bosom doth glow
As I think of my home and my sire,
And the dearest of mothers who sang long ago
In the old easy chair by the fire.

MOTHER'S BIBLE.

George P. Morris

THIS book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start,—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped!
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what those pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the sainted dead,
Here are they living still!

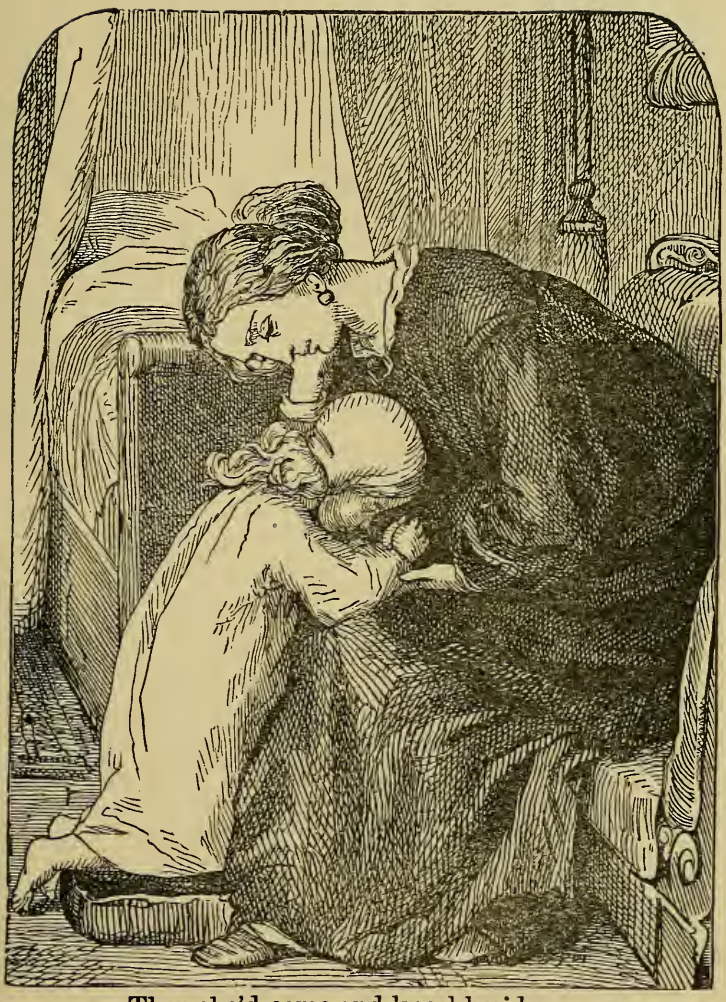
My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who learned God's word to hear.
Her angel face, I see it yet!
What thronging memories come;
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

TREASURED REMEMBRANCES.

I HAVE very much of treasures
That my heart has hid away;
There's a little curl that's brighter
Than the sunshine of the day;
And a little shoe that's faded,
Is among the treasures there—
And I listen when I see it,
For a footstep on the stair,
For a patter, patter, patter,
Of a footstep on the stair.

Now those little feet are silent,
And the face is hidden low
Underneath the meadow grasses,
And the daisies' fragrant snow;
And I miss them in the morning,
Pattering feet, and face so fair—
But I listen most at bed-time,
For the footstep on the stair,
For a patter, patter, patter,
Of a footstep on the stair.



Then she'd come and kneel beside me,
In her little gown of white,
And she'd say her short prayer over,
And would kiss me sweet good-night.
And I listen in the twilight,
'Though I know she is not there,
But I cannot still my yearning,
For the footstep on the stair,
For the patter, patter, patter,
Of the footstep on the stair.

WOMAN.

HOW continually, in retirement and in the world, is the lesson of submission forced upon woman. To suffer, and be silent under sufferings, seems the greatest command she has to obey; while man is allowed to wrestle with calamity, and to conquer or die in the struggle.

The drying a single tear hath more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

IF there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love.

—*Marchioness de Spadara.*

THE loss of a mother is always felt; even though her health may incapacitate her from taking any active part in the care of her family, still she is a sweet rallying point, around which affection and obedience, and a thousand tender endeavors to please, concentrate; and dreary is the blank when such a point is withdrawn!

A MOTHER'S THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

—*N. P. Willis.*

I SADDEN when thou smilest to my smile,
Child of my love! I tremble to believe
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue
The shadow of my heart will always pass;—
A heart that, from its struggle with the world,
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,
Asks for his idol! Strange that flowers of earth
Are visited by every air that stirs,
And drink in sweetness only, while the child
That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven,
May take a blemish from the breath of love,
And bear the blight forever.

I have wept
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!
My life is bound up in her. But, O God!
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times

Bears its sweet burthen; and if Thou hast given
To nurture such as mine this spotless flower,
To bring it unpolluted unto Thee,
Take Thou its love, I pray Thee! Give it light—
Though, following the sun, it turn from me!—
But, by the *cord* thus wrung, and by the light
Shining about her, draw me to my child!
And link us close, O God, when near to heaven!

A SWEET PICTURE.

AN ingenious writer says: "If a painter wished to draw the finest object in the world, it would be the picture of a wife, with eyes expressing the serenity of her mind, and a countenance beaming with benevolence; one hand lulling to rest on her arm a lovely infant, the other employed in presenting a moral page to another sweet babe, who stands at her knee listening to the words of truth and wisdom from its incomparable mother."

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

—N. P. Willis.

THEY tell me thou art come from a far world,
Babe of my bosom! that these little arms,
Whose restlessness is like the spread of wings,
Move with the memory of flights scarce o'er—
That through these fringed lids we see the soul
Steep'd in the blue of its remember'd home;
And while thou sleep'st come messengers, they say,
Whispering to thee—and 'tis then I see
Upon thy baby lips that smile of heaven!
And what is thy far errand, my fair child?
Why away, wandering from a home of bliss,
To find thy way through darkness home again?
Wert thou an untried dweller in the sky?
Is there, betwixt the cherub that thou wert,
The cherub and the angel thou mayest be,
A life's probation in this sadder world?
Art thou with memory of two things only,
Music and light, left upon earth astray,

And, by the watchers at the gate of heaven,
Look'd for with fear and trembling?

God! who gavest
Into my guiding hand this wanderer,
To lead her through a world whose darkling paths
I tread with steps so faltering—leave not me
To bring her to the gates of heaven, alone!
I feel my feebleness. Let *these* stay on—
The angels who now visit her in dreams!
Bid them be near her pillow till in death
The closed eyes look upon Thy face once more!
And let the light and music, which the world
Borrows of heaven, and which her infant sense
Hails with sweet recognition, be to her
A voice to call her upward, and a lamp
To lead her steps to Thee!

WHAT are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of a mother's love fixed in permanent outline forever!—*Higginson.*

MY MOTHER.

—*Fields.*

WHERE dwells the being in whose bosom affection's tender call meets with a responsive throb of feeling, that does not cherish with pleasure the remembrance of a mother's love, and the assiduous attention of a mother's devotedness? When the first half-meant glistening of the infant eye bespoke "the first dawn of reason," when the puny arms first clasped the maternal neck, and the sweet babe seemed "a pearl of great price" on the bosom, who, with soul-exhausting fervor, pressed the dear treasure to its faithful home? And when the chuckling laugh, and the little, restless, elastic limbs of her dearest, in its playful humor, won her smile, who caressed the sportive child, and gave back kiss for kiss? It was the MOTHER. If some gloomy foreboding, some cloud of care, come over the sunlight of her hope, telling her that the bright being next her heart would smile no more, the tears that bathed the polished brow beneath her look of love were a baptism that would gain it a heaven.

When the tottering limbs essayed to move in the harmony of nature, the goal of the infant trial was the parent knee, that reward the parent embrace. The first faint lisp of language, that seemed to be taught by an angel, comes on the mother's ear like undefined music; and the first trial is to sound a mother's name. Oh, thought-enkindling word! connected with every remembered pang of sorrow, and every association of former happiness.

The maternal knees are the first altar of devotion; and the clustering head of childhood, bowed in its mother's lap, pours out the sweet and acceptable prayer of innocence. The kind hand that falls with blessings on the youthful brow smoothes the couch of sleep, while the eternal principle of a mother's love, like a guardian spirit, ever watches over its repose.

The heyday of youth has passed; and with it have been separated the closer ties that bound me to my mother. Yet the chain of affection has been but loosened; not a link of it has been broken. When the wild war of passion rages, the memory of her love comes like magic over my soul, and, like "oil on the

troubled waters," calms it to a peaceful and quiet rest. Oh, my mother! may he who has felt love like thine never know love from any, if he once forgets thee. And may the rich blessings of heaven descend on thee, as thou hast often prayed for them to come upon thy child!

NOT she with trait'rous kiss her Savior stung;
Not she denied him with unholy tongue:
She, when apostles shrank, could danger brave,—
Last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

THE mother's love is at first an absorbing delight, blunting all other sensibilities; it is an expansion of the animal existence; it enlarges the imagined range for self to move in; but in after years it can only continue to be joy on the same terms as other long-lived love; that is, by much suppression of self, and power of living in the experience of another.—*George Eliot.*

BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

"The heart that we have first laid near is the only one that cannot forget that it has loved us."—*Phillip Slingsby.*

MY birth-day!—O beloved mother!
My heart is with thee o'er the seas.
I did not think to count another
Before I wept upon thy knees—
Before this scroll of absent years
Was blotted with thy streaming tears.

My own I do not care to check.
I weep—albeit here alone—
As if I hung upon thy neck,
As if thy lips were on my own,
As if this full, sad heart of mine,
Were beating closely upon thine.

Four weary years! How looks she now?
What light is in those tender eyes?
What trace of time has touched the brow

Whose look is borrowed of the skies
That listen to her nightly prayer?
How is she changed since he was there?

Who sleeps upon her heart alway—
Whose name upon her lips is worn—
For whom the night seems made to pray—
For whom she wakes to pray at morn—
Whose sight is dim, whose heart-strings stir,
Who weeps these tears to think of *her?*

I know not if my mother's eyes
Would find me changed in slighter things;
I've wander'd beneath many skies,
And tasted of some bitter springs;
And many leaves once fair and gay,
From youth's full flower have dropp'd away—
But, as these looser leaves depart,
The lessen'd flower gets near the core,
And, when deserted quite, the heart
Takes closer what was dear of yore—
And yearns to those who loved it first—
The sunshine and the dew by which its bud was nursed.

Dear Mother! Dost thou love me yet?
Am I remember'd in thy home?
When those I love for joy are met,
Does some one wish that I would come?
Thou *dost*—I *am* beloved of these!
But, as the schoolboy numbers o'er
Night after night the Pleiades
And finds the stars he found before—
As turns the maiden oft her token—
As counts the miser aye his gold—
So, till life's silver cord is broken,
Would I of thy fond love be told
My heart is full, mine eyes are wet—
Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost wanderer yet?

Oh! when the hour to meet again
Creeps on—and speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthen'd chain,
And, link by link, draws nearer thee—
When land is hail'd, and, from the shore,
Comes off the blessed breath of home,
With fragrance from my mother's door
Of flowers forgotten when I am come—

When port is gain'd, and slowly now
The old familiar paths are pass'd,
And, entering—unconscious—how—
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And run to thee, all faint and weak,
And feel thy tears upon my cheek—
Oh! if my heart break not with joy,
The light of heaven will fairer seem;
And I shall grow once more a boy:
And, mother! 'twill be like a dream
That we were parted thus for years—
And once that we have dried our tears,
How will the days seem long and bright—
To meet thee always with the morn,
And hear thy blessings every night—
Thy "dearest," thy "first-born!"—
And be no more, as now, in a strange land, forlorn!

THE future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—*Napoleon.*

HOMEWARD BOUND.

(FROM EUROPE.)

—*Willis.*

DEAR mother! in thy prayer to-night,
There come new words and warmer tears;
On long, long darkness breaks the light—
Comes home the loved, the lost for years!

Sleep safe, oh wave-worn mariner!
Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea!
The ear of heaven bends low to *her!*
He comes to shore who sails with me!
The spider knows the roof unriven,
While swings his web, though lightning blaze,
And by a thread still fast on heaven
I know my mother lives and prays!

Dear mother! when our lips can speak—
When first our tears will let us see—
When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me—

'Twill be a pastime little sad
To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers
Upon each other's forms have had—
For all may flee, so love still lingers!

Bright flag, at yonder tapering mast!
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! oh lithe and quivering spars!

THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

—*Willis.*

O, not alone

IN HIS pure teachings and in Calvary's woe,
Lay the blest errand of the Savior here.
His walk through life's dark pathway blessed yet more.
Distant from God so infinitely far
Was human weakness, till He came to bear,
With us, our weaknesses awhile, that fear
Had heard Jehovah's voice in thunder only,
And worshiped trembling. Heaven is nearer now.

At God's right hand sits One who was a child,
Born as the humblest, and who here abode
Till of our sorrows he had suffered all.
They who now weep, remember that he wept.
The tempted, the despised, the sorrowing, feel
That Jesus, TOO, drank of these cups of woe.
And oh, if of our joys he tasted less—
If all but one passed from his lips away—
That one—A MOTHER'S LOVE—by his partaking
Is like a thread of heaven spun through our life,
And we, in the untiring watch, the tears,
The tenderness and fond trust of a mother,
May feel a heavenly closeness unto God.

GOD sends us children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race: to enlarge our hearts; to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extend enterprise and exertion; to bring round our firesides bright faces, and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts.—*Mary Howitt.*

LIGHT OF HOME.

—*Sarah Josepha Hale.*

MY SON, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou *must* go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home!

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
When treading thy lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame
And pure as a vestal fire,—
'Twill burn, 'twill burn forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tossed,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
When sails are shivered and compass lost,
Then look to the light of home!

HOME AGAIN.

—*Abbie C. McKeever.*

HOME again; mother, your boy will remain
For a time, at least, in the old home again.
How good to see you in your cornered nook
With knitting, or sewing, or paper, or book;
The same sweet mother my boyhood knew,
The faithful, the patient, the tender, and true.

You have little changed; ah, well, maybe
A few gray hairs in the brown I see;
A mark or two, under smiling eyes,
So lovingly bent in your glad surprise;
'Tis I who have changed; ah, mother mine,
From a teasing lad to manhood's prime.

No longer I climb on your knee at night
For a story told in the soft firelight;
No broken slate, or book all torn,
Do I bring to you with its edges worn;
But I'll come to you with my graver cares;
You'll help me bear them with tender prayers.

I'll come again, as of old, and you
Will help the man to be brave and true;
For the man's the boy, only older grown,
And the world has many a stumbling-stone.
Ah, mother mine, there is always rest
When I find you here in the old home nest.

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

—*Thomas Hood.*

LOVE thy mother, little one,
Kiss and clasp her neck again;
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one.

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee;
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them where they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes.

Press her lips, the while they glow
With love that they have often told;
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips, the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver gray.
Too early, death, led on by care,
May snatch, save one dark lock, away.
Oh, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That heaven may long the stroke defer;
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn.

THE future of society is in the hands of the mothers. If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it.—*De Beaufort.*

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are what mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His wakening arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

STORIES first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.

—*Ruffini.*

A MOTHER'S FAREWELL TO HER DAUGHTER

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

THE efforts which a mother makes for the improvement of her child in knowledge and virtue are necessarily retired and unobtrusive. The world knows not of them; and hence the world has been slow to perceive how powerful and extensive is this secret and silent influence.—*J. S. C. Abbott.*

GOD pardons like a mother, who kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness.—*Beecher.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

John B. Gough.

I KNOW myself the results of my own Sabbath-school instruction, and I remember the teachings of a praying mother. That mother taught me to pray in early life—gave me the habit of praying; the teacher at the Sabbath-school strengthened it; they stored my mind with passages of Scripture, and these things, I tell you, young man, we do not entirely forget. They may be buried, they may be laid away for a time in some obscure corner of the heart, but by and by circumstances will show that we know much more than we thought. After that mother's death I went out into the world, exposed to its manifold temptations. I fell; I acquired bad habits. For seven years of my life I wandered over God's beautiful earth like an unblessed spirit wandering over a barren desert, digging deep wells to quench my thirst and bringing up the dry hot sand.

Bound with the fetters of evil habits, habits like an iron net encircling me in its folds—fascinated with my bondage, and yet with a desire, O how fervent! to stand

where I once hoped to stand. "Ah," said one, "what is the effect of a mother's teaching and a mother's prayers, of the Sunday-school, and of early good habits?"

O! I stood there, I remember it well, feeling my own weakness, and thinking that the way of the transgressor is hard; knowing that the wages of sin is death; feeling in the great deep of my heart all the bitterness that arises from the consciousness of powers wasted and opportunities lost; conscious that I had been chasing mere bubbles and gained nothing. There I stood. That mother had passed to heaven, but her words came back to my mind. I remember, when one night in our garret the candle was failing, that she said: "John, I am growing blind, and I don't mind it much. But you are young, it is hard for you. But never mind, John, where I am going there is no night. There is no need of any candle there, the Savior is the light thereof." She has changed the dark gloomy garret to bask in the sunshine of her Savior's smiles. But her influence was not lost. As I stood feeling my own weakness, knowing that I could not resist temptation, it seemed as if the very light she left as she passed, had spanned the

dark gap of seven years of sin and dissipation and struck the heart and opened it. I felt utterly my own weakness, and the passages of Scripture that were stored away in my mind came as if whispered again into my ear by the loving lips of that mother. Made strong by the recollection of her teaching and her prayers, I fled from the ways that lead down to death and was saved, saved through the influence of a mother's love.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time! in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your arms as of yore,
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, fly backward, O swift tide of years!
I am weary of toil, I am weary of tears!
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed, and faded, our faces between!
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again!
Come from the silence so long and so deep,—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shone,
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sorrowing soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come let your brown hair just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shielding my eyes from the flickering light;

For oh! with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Happy will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since last I was hushed by your lullaby song,
Sing then again,—to my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your soft light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

PASS UNDER THE ROD.

I SAW a young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as she murmured his name,
While the dreamer lay silent in joy.
Oh, sweet is the rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seem'd,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told!
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to heaven he has placed it on-high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God
"I love thee—I love thee—pass under the rod!"

THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

Mary Clemmer Ames

I LAY my tasks down one by one,
I sit in the silence of twilight grace;
Out in the shadow soft and drear
Steals like a star my baby's face.

Mockingly cold are the world's poor joys,
How poor to me all its pomp and pride;
In my lap lie the baby's idle toys,
In this very room the baby died.

I will shut these broken toys away,
Under the lid where they mutely bide;
I will smile in the face of noisy day,
Just as if baby had never died.

I will take up my work once more,
As if I had never laid it down;
Who will dream that I ever wore
Motherhood's fine and holy crown?

Who will dream my life ever bore
Fruit the sweeter in grief and pain?
The flitting smile that the baby wore
Outrayed the light of the loftiest brain.

I'll meet the man in the world's rude din
Who hath outlived his mother's kiss,
Who hath forsaken her love for sin—
I will be spared her pain in this.

Man's way is hard and sin-beset;
Many must fall, but few can win—
Thanks, dear Shepherd! my lamb is safe,
Safe from sorrow, and safe from sin.

Nevertheless the way is long,
And tears leap up in the light of the sun;
I'd give my world for a cradle song,
And a kiss from baby—only one.

I'M FRIGHTENED IN THE DARK.

WE sat within a lighted room,
My baby-boy and I;
But empty were my loving arms,
Where he was wont to lie
And look up fondly in my face,
For pretty toys were near;
And though I called him lovingly,
The darling would not hear.

I yearned to clasp him to my heart,
But wooed him all in vain,
To leave his play and come to me
Would give him too much pain.
I took the candle in my hand,
And, with a breath of air,
Extinguished its soft, cheerful light,
And made all darkness there.

And soon I heard a sweet-toned voice
To which I love to hark,

Cry, "Mother, take me in your arms!
I'm frightened in the dark;"
And then I caught the sweet boy up
And felt him clasp me tight,
And knew that I was needed then,
Because there was no light.

And as my darling grew in years,
The brightness of my joy
Made me adore our Father less
Than I adored my boy.
He called me in a tender tone—
His voice is always mild—
But I refused to go to him,
And played on with my child.

And then he blew my candle out
By stopping Harry's breath;
And in the anguish of that grief
And darkness of that death,
I cried out in a trembling voice

And with an aching brow:
"I'm coming to thee, O my God!
For my heart needs thee now!"

—*By the author of Little Folks*

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

Thomas B. Read.

THE mother who conceals her grief
When to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,—
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on freedom's field of honor.

THE LITTLE BLUE SHOES.

Wm. C. Bennett.

OH those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
Oh, the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eye meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That dear little treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then oh, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight make such fond tears start.

MOTHER'S BOYS.

YES, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small, muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
And spotless with flowers and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
And I like my house orderly, too;
And am fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

Caroline Norton.

WHEN first thou comest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure.
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that leaned to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient to rebuke when justly given;
Obedient, easy to be reconciled,
And meekly cheerful; such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left—still by my side,
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;
Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying;

Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, or kiss the fevered cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness, prone to fade,
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then thou, my merry love,—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the fire-light dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,—
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;

And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile, the frequent soft caress,
The earnest, tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with thee had reached its bound.

At length thou camest—thou, the last and least,
Nicknamed "The Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others.
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And O, most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming!
Fair shoulders, curling lips, and dauntless brow,
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming;

And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call,—
But in the mother's heart found room for all!

QUEEN OF BABY LAND.

WHO is queen of baby land?
Mother kind and sweet,
And her love, born above,
Guides the little feet.

WILLY'S GRAVE.

Edwin Waugh.

THE frosty wind was wailing wild across the wintry world;
The cloudless vault of heaven was bright with studs of gleaming gold;
The weary cotter's heavy lids had closed with closing day,
And on his silent hearth a tinge of dying fire-light lay.

The ancient hamlet seemed asleep beneath the starry sky;
A little river sheathed in ice came gliding gently by,
The gray church in the grave-yard where the "rude forefathers lay,"
Stood like a mother waiting till her children came from play.

No footstep trod the tiny town, the drowsy street was still,
Save when the wandering night wind sang its requiem wild and shrill,

The stainless snow lay thick upon those quaint old cottage eaves,
And wreaths of fairy frost-work hung where grew last summer's leaves.

Each village home was dark and still, and closed was every door,
For gentle sleep had twined her arms around both rich and poor,—
Save in one little cot, where, by a candle's flickering ray,
A childless mother sighing sat, and combed her locks of gray.

Her husband and her children all were in the last cold bed,
Where, one by one, she'd laid them down, and left them with the dead;
Then toiling on towards her rest—a lonely pilgrim she—
For God and poverty were now her only company.

Upon the shady window-sill a well worn Bible lay;
Against the wall a coat had hung for many a weary day;

And on the scanty table-top with crumbs of supper
strewn,
There stood beside a porringer, two little empty shoon.

The fire was waning in the grate, the spinning-wheel at rest,
The cricket's song rang loudly in that lonely woman's nest,
As with her napkin thin and worn, and wet with many
a tear,
She wiped the little pair of shoon her darling used to wear.

Her widowed heart had often leaped to hear his prattle
small;
He was the last that she had left, the dearest of them all;
And as she rocked her to and fro while tears came drop-
ping down,
She sighed and cried, "O, Willy love, these little empty
shoon!"

With gentle hand she laid them by, she laid them by
with care,
Nor Willy he was in his grave, and all her thoughts were
there;

She paused before she dropped the snick that closed her
lambless fold,
It grieved her heart to bar the door and leave him in
the cold.

A threadbare cloak she wrapped around her limbs so
thin and chill;
She left her lonely cot behind whilst all the world was
still;
And through the solitary night she took her silent
way
With weeping eyes, toward the spot where little Willy
lay.

The pale cold moon had climbed aloft into the welkin
blue,
A snow-clad tree across the grave its leafless shadows
threw;
And as that mournful mother sat upon a mound thereby,
The bitter wind of winter sighed to hear her wailing
cry.

"My little Willy's cowed an' still! He's not a cheep
for me!
Th' last leaf has dropt, th' last tiny leaf that cheered
this withered tree.
Oh, my poor heart? my comfort's gone, aw'm lonely
under th' sky!
He'll never chip my cheek again, and tell me not to
cry!"

"Nipt-nipt i' th' bud, an' laid i' th' dust, my little
Willy's dead,
And a' that made me cling to life lies in this frosty
bed,—
He's gone! He's gone! My poor bare nest! What's
a' this world to me!
My darlin' lad! aw'm lonely neaw; when mun aw come
to thee?"

"He's crept into this last dark nook, and left me pinin
here!
An' never moore his two blue e'en for me mun twinkle
clear,

He'll never lisp his prayers again at his poor mammy's
knee;
Oh, Willy! oh aw'm lonely neaw, when mun aw come
to thee?"

The snow-clad yew-tree stirred with pain, to hear that
plaintive cry;
The old church listened, and the spire kept pointing to
the sky;
With kindlier touch the bitter wind played in her locks
of gray,
And the queenly moon upon her head shone with a
softened ray.

She rose to leave that lonely bed, her heart was grieving
sore,—
One step she took and then her tears fell faster than
before;
She turned and gave another look,—one lingering look
she gave,—
Then sighing left him lying in his little wintry grave.

MOTHER-LOVE.

F. T. Morgan.

I GAVE my maiden-love tender and shy,
And yet I was sad. Why? O why?

I gave my wife-love pure and true,
And yet—and yet I was longing too!

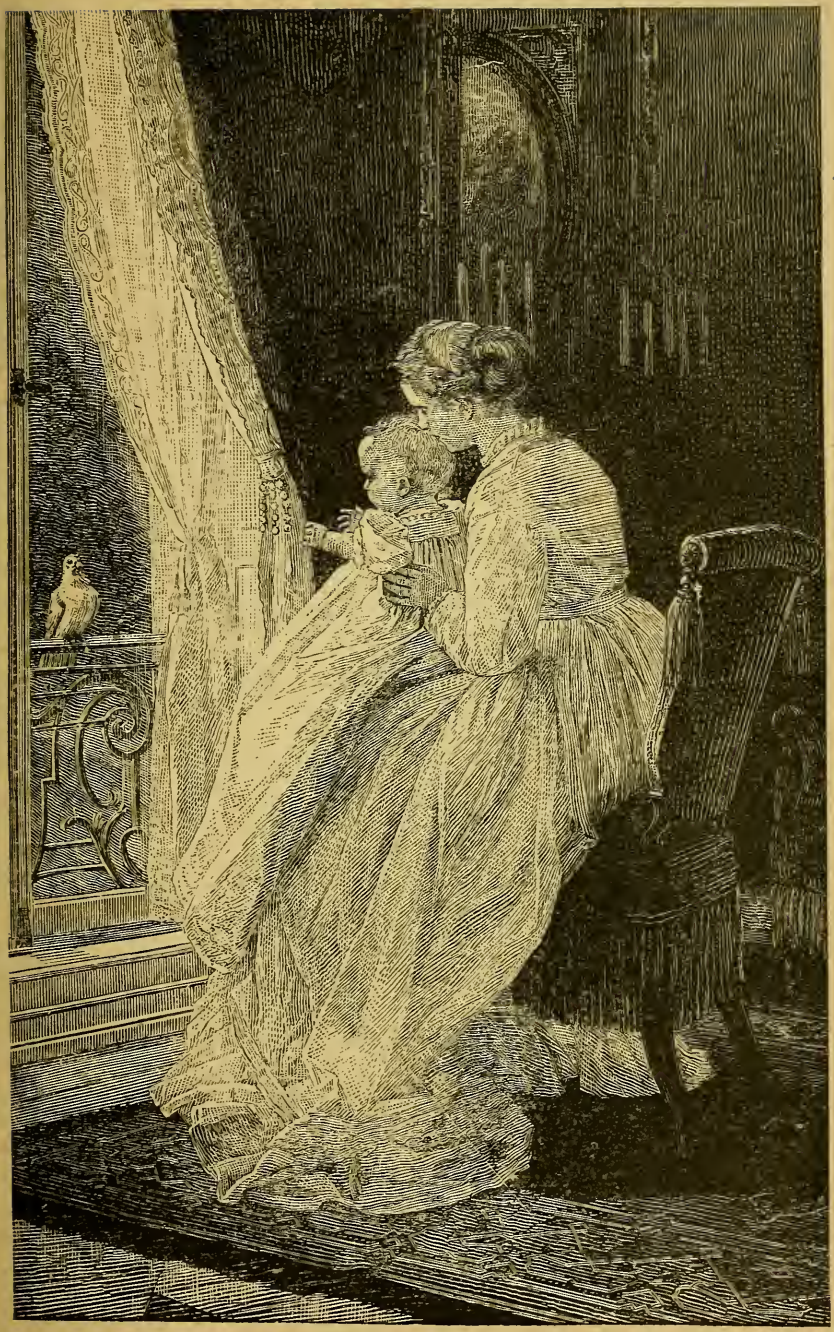
God gave me mother-love warm and strong,
And my sadness was lost in my lullaby song.

FATHER, we will be comforted!
Thou wast the gracious giver!
We yield her up—not dead, not dead—
To dwell with thee forever.
Take thou our child,—ours for a day,
Thine while the ages blossom,
This little shining head we lay
In the Redeemer's bosom.

THE BABY.

IF we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.



Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love.—*Mrs. Norton.*

THE MOTHER'S FIRST GRIEF.

Robert Smyth Chilton

SHE sits beside the cradle,
And her tears are streaming fast,
For she sees the present only,
While she thinks of all the past:
Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering kiss
Thrilled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.
O those happy, happy moments!
They but deepen her despair;
For she bends above the cradle,
And her baby is not there!

There are words of comfort spoken,
And the leaden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling bow of promise,
And she feels a sad relief;
But her wavering thoughts will wander,
Till they settle on the scene

Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might have been.
For a little vacant garment,
Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart, in tones of anguish,
That her baby is not there!

She sits beside the cradle,
But her tears no longer flow,
For she sees a blessed vision,
And forgets all earthly woe;
Saintly eyes look down upon her,
And the Voice that hushed the sea
Stills her spirit with the whisper
"Suffer them to come to Me."
And while her soul is lifted
On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward,
And she sees her baby there!

MATERNAL LOVE.

Alexander Bethune.

UNLIKE all other things earth knows,
(All else may fade or change),
The love in a mother's heart that glows,
Naught earthly can estrange.
Concentrated and strong, and bright,
A vestal flame it glows
With pure, self-sacrificing light,
Which no cold shadow knows.
All that by mortal can be done
A mother ventures for her son;
If marked by worth or merit high,
Her bosom beats with ecstacy;
And though he own nor worth nor charm,
To him her faithful heart is warm.
Though wayward passions round him close,
And fame and fortune prove his foes:
Through every change of good and ill,
Unchanged, a mother loves him still.
Even love itself, than life more dear,—

Its interchange of hope and fear;
Its feeling oft akin to madness;
Its fevered joys, and anguish-sadness;
Its melting moods of tenderness,
And fancied wrongs, and fond redress,
Hath naught to form so strong a tie
As her deep sympathies supply.

MY MOTHER'S SONG.

THIS quiet autumn evening, out through the autumn gloom,
My thoughts are fondly turning to thee, my dear old home;
And through the misty distance the years seem sad and long,
Since 'neath the roof in childhood, I heard my mother's song;—

A sweet old simple ballad, whose notes were soft and low,
Still o'er the heart its echo in soothing numbers flow,
Though in the grave's dark chambers, the lips are silent long,
That by the hearth at even oft sang my mother's song.

Oh, mother! though long parted, the memory of thy love
Illumes life's darkest shadows, and points to light above;

It nerves us in our trials to suffer and be strong—
The sunny days of childhood come back with that old
song.

On the sad soul, in hours of weariness and pain,
It falls as on the flowers falls the softest summer rain;
And when temptation beckons into the path of wrong,
In notes of gentle warning I hear my mother's song.

That dear old song must ever find an echo in my heart,
'Till by death's icy fingers its chords are snapped apart;
One strain would still be wanting the angel choirs
among
If there the voice was silent that sang my mother's
song.

MY DARLING'S SHOES.

GOD bless the little feet that can never go astray,
For the little shoes are empty, in my closet laid away.
I sometimes take one in my hand, forgetting till I see
It is a little half-worn shoe, and much too small for me;
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,
And sharp as when, two years ago, it cut my heart in twain.

Oh, little feet, that weary not, I wait for them no more,
For I am drifting on the tide, and they have reached the shore;
And while the blinding tear-drops wet these little shoes so old,
I try to think my darling's feet are treading streets of gold:
And then I lay them down again, but always turn and say,
God bless the little feet that now so surely cannot stray.

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see
The little form beside me just as it used to be;
The little face uplifted, with its soft and tender eyes—
Ah, me! I might have known that look was born for Paradise.
I reach my arms out fondly, but they clasp the empty air,
For there is nothing of my darling but the shoes he used to wear.

Oh! the bitterness of parting cannot be done away
Until I meet my darling, where his feet can never stray;
When I no more am drifted upon the surging tide,
But with him safely landed upon the river-side.
Be patient, heart! while waiting to see the shining way,
For the little feet in the shining street can never go astray.

—*Anonymous.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

James Montgomery.

A MOTHER'S love,—how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?—
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
A warmer love than can grow cold;
This is a mother's love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
This is a mother's love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from love's own fountain there,

And lull it there to rest;
Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a mother's love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
This is a mother's love.

And can a mother's love grow cold?
Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief—for joy?
A mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild;
Is this a mother's love?

Ten thousand voices answer, "No!"
Ye clasp your babes and kiss;

Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
Yet, ah! remember this,—
The infant, reared alone for earth,
May live, may die,—to curse his birth;—
Is this a mother's love?

A parent's hand may prove a snare;
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell;
Nourish its frame,—destroy its mind:
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
Even with a mother's love.

Blest infant! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And poured upon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the word;
This was the lesson to her son—
Time is eternity begun:
Behold that mother's love.

Blest mother! who, in wisdom's path,
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear of God:
Ah, youth! like him enjoy your prime;
Begin eternity in time,
Taught by that mother's love.

That mother's love!—how sweet the name!
What was that mother's love?—
The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above,
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold:
This was that mother's love.

IS IT THOU, MOTHER?

LONG years ago she visited my chamber,
Steps soft and slow, a taper in her hand,
Her fond kiss she laid upon my eyelids,
Fair as an angel from the unknown land;
Mother, mother, is it thou I see?
Mother, mother, watching over me.

And yesterday night I saw her cross my chamber
Soundless and light, a palm branch in her hand;
Her mild eyes bent upon my anguish,
Calm as an angel from the blessed land;
Mother, mother, is it thou I see?
Mother, mother, art thou come for me?

KISS MY EYELIDS DOWN TO-NIGHT.

KISS me, mother, kiss me gently,
Kiss my eyelids down to-night,
I'm so lonely, and without you
Cannot say my prayers aright.

Kiss my eyelids, loving mother,
As you did in days long gone
When I slept upon your bosom,
Kiss them, mother, just once more.

Sing to me, my darling mother,
Sing your softest lullaby;
Let me dream that I am sitting
Once again upon your knee.

Let my dreams be all about you,
Let them all be pure and bright,
Let me dream that you will always
Kiss my eyelids down at night.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S MOTHER.

WHEN James A. Garfield was a child, when he was a grown up boy, and when he was a young man, his mother's love prompted her to toil and care for him, and to lead him in the ways of truthfulness and uprightness. In return for her faithful toil and love and care, he labored to make her happy, and to do her honor.

When Garfield was inaugurated President of the United States, on the 4th of March, 1881, after he had taken the oath of office in the presence of many thousand people, he kissed the Holy Bible, and then turned and kissed his aged mother, and his wife. No artist can do justice to that event. He knew how proud his mother was to see him installed in the highest office in the gift of the American people, and in that hour of exaltation his heart turned to her.

Months rolled by, and he was assassinated; and during all the long, weary weeks of terrible suffering that followed, he wrote but one letter, and that was to his mother. He knew she was weeping for him,

and that her thoughts were all of her "dear afflicted son." He knew well the depths of his mother's love, that she longed and prayed for his recovery every hour of the long and weary days; and in answer to this love, he wrote only to her during those dreadful weeks.

He was surrounded by men of state, attended by the leading physicians of the country, and anxiously inquired after and sympathized with by all civilized nations on earth; he was watched over and cared for by many good friends, and by a devoted and faithful wife; yet in the midst of all this, his thoughts turned to his old home.

"Mother! dear mother! my heart calls for you."

"I must write to mother;" and calling for pen and ink, he wrote the only letter penned by him after the assassin struck him down.

When Garfield's mother heard of his assassination, she exclaimed: "Oh! why did they shoot my baby?" He was her youngest child, and her thoughts went back through the years of toil and care, and he was again at her knee. "My baby," was the dearest name, and the depths of a mother's love, surpassed alone by the love

of God for the world, was awakened in her heart, and found expression in words that were dear to her when the President of the United States was a child in her arms.

THE parental love which fills a woman's heart when she holds her little child in her arms, as even we childless ones must see, is something so divine, so pure from all selfishness, where it is felt aright, that every care and fatigue and sacrifice comes to the mother as a matter of course.—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

ALL that I am my mother made me.—*John Quincy Adams.*

THE mother's yearning, that complete type of life in another's life which is the essence of real human love, feels the presence of the cherished child even in the base, degraded man.—*George Eliot.*

WHERE'S MY BABY?

WHERE'S my baby? Where's my baby?
But a little while ago,
In my arms I held one fondly,
And a robe of lengthened flow
Covered little knees so dimpled,
And each pink and chubby toe.

Where's my baby? I remember
Now about the shoes so red,
Peeping from his shortened dresses,
And the bright curls on his head;
Of the little teeth so pearly,
And the first sweet words he said.

Where's my baby? Ask that urchin,
Let me hear what he will say;
"Where's your baby, ma?" he questioned,
With a rougish look and way;
"Guess he's grown to be a boy, now,
Big enough to work and play."

Where's my baby? Where's my baby?
Ah! the years fly on apace!
Yesterday I held and kissed it,
In its loveliness and grace;
But to-morrow sturdy manhood
Takes the little baby's place.

I AM the mother of an immortal being! God be merciful to me, a sinner!—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

LITTLE BOOTS.

—*Mrs. L. R. Janes.*

NOT those I sadly laid away,
With little stockings soft and gay,
That sunless, heart-sick, saddest day,
I passed beneath the rod;
I wipe from them the gathering mold,
I wonder at their growing old,
Then I think how long the streets of gold
My little one has trod.

To-day a little larger pair
Are traversing the hall and stair,
Or somersaulting in the air,
  Are never, never still:
Down at the heel! Out at the toes!
Mud-covered! every mother knows
How "in-and-out" her dear boy goes,
  Oft chide him as she will.

But life and strength and glowing health,
Come through those little boots by stealth,
And willing errands, love's sweet wealth
  At bidding brings us joy,
Bear with the little boots I pray;
Soon into life they'll walk away,
And sitting lone, your heart will say,
  Where is my little boy?

OF all the relations of womanhood, wives and mothers only can enjoy "the harvest song" of inward peace.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

THE MOTHER WANTS HER BOY.

THERE'S a homestead waiting for you, my boy,
In a quaint old-fashioned town;
The gray moss clings to the garden wall,
And the dwelling is low and brown;
But a vacant chair by the fireside stands,
And never a grace is said;
But a mother prays that her absent son
Soon may be homeward led,
For the mother wants her boy.

She trains the vines and tends the flowers,
For she says, "My boy will come;
And I want the quiet, humble place
To be just the dear old home
That it seemed when he, a gentle lad,
Used to pluck the orchard's gold,
And gather of roses and lilies tall,
Far more than his hands could hold,
And still I want my boy."

How well she knows the very place
Where you played at bat and ball:
And the violet cap you wore to school,
Still hangs on its hook in the hall;
And when the twilight hour draws near
She steals adown the lane
To cosset the lambs you used to pet,
And dream you were home again;
For the mother wants her boy.

She is growing old, and her eyes are dim
With watching day by day,
For the children nurtured at her breast
Have slipt from her arms away;
Alone and lonely, she names the hours
As the dear ones come and go:
Their coming she calls "The time of flowers!"
Their going, "The hours of snow!"
And ever she wants her boy.

Walk on, toil on; give strength and mind
To the task in your chosen place;
But never forget the dear old home,
And the mother's loving face!

You may count your blessings score on score,
You may reap your golden grain,
But remember when her grave is made
Your coming will be in vain,—
'Tis now she wants her boy.

MY OLD SILVER THIMBLE.

—Mrs. S. J. Megagee.

THE old silver thimble I've worn for years,
How much it has helped me to do!
In mending the rents in little ones' clothes,
Or making them clothes that were new.

At morn it has shone on my finger,
When the dew still sprinkled the flowers,
And has taken the gleam of the lamplight
'Mid latest of night's quiet hours.

It helped me to fashion the trousers,
Which Johnnie was proud to display,
And the fairy-like dresses that clung to
The delicate form of dear May.

In the dark room it quietly glittered,
When our sweet little baby lay dead;
Whilst it pressed in the needle that broidered
The tiny lace cap for it head.

And again, in the time of the bridal,
'Twas ready to help us its best,
In forming the robes of the birdling
Then leaving the warm parent nest.

And so it has proven trustworthy
For what it was called on to do,
No flaws have come o'er its clear surface,
Its silver is sterling and true.

And though for the "latest invention,"
That takes up the stitches so fast,
It is sometimes unused and neglected,
'Tis bright as it was in the past.

If we, who have souls in our bodies,
Were staunch as this thimble has been,
On earth would be more of God's people,
And less of corruption and sin.

Then standing at last with freed spirits,
At the great gates of jasper and gold,
The angels would warmly enclose us
In God's ever-glorious fold.

HER MOTHER'S EAR.

—Emma M. Johnston.

THEY sat at the spinning together,
And they spun the fine white thread;
One face was old and the other young,
A golden and silver head.

And at times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet,
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,
For her joy was most complete.

And at times the mother counseled
In a voice so soft and low,
How the untried feet of her daughter
Through this strange, rough life should go.

There was many a holy lesson
Inwoven with silent prayer,
Taught to her gentle, listening child
As they two sat spinning there.

"And of all that I speak, my darling,
From my older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
And with it thou shalt not part.

"Thou wilt listen to many voices—
And ah, woe that this must be!—
The voice of praise and the voice of love
And the voice of flattery;

"But listen to me, my dearest one:
There's one thing that thou shalt fear,
Let never a word to my love be said
Which her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear
If they cannot be told to me.

"If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure,
And thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is told to thee by day
At night to thy mother's ear."

And thus they sat spinning together,
And an angel bent to see
The mother and child whose happy life
Went on so lovingly.

And a record was made by his golden pen,
And this on his page he said,
That the mother who counseled her child so well
Need never feel afraid;

For God would keep the heart of the child,
Who, with tender love and fear,
Should kneel at her mother's side at night,
With her lips to her mother's ear.

HE is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.—*Goethe.*

MY GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

—*Mrs. S. T. Perry.*

THEY brought home the portrait last night to me;
On the parlor walls it is hung.
I gave to the artist a picture small,
Which was taken when she was young.
It's true to life; and there's a look in the eyes
I never saw in another;
And the same sweet smile that she always wore—
'Tis my good, old-fashioned mother.

The hair in the picture 's wavy and dark,
'Twas taken before she was gray;
And the same short curls, at the side, hang down—
For she always wore it that way.
Her hand on the Bible easily rests,
As when, with sisters and brother,
I knelt at her knee, reciting my verse,
To my good, old-fashioned mother.

Her dress it is plain and quite out of style,
Not a puff or ruffle is there;
And no jewels or gold glitter and shine—
She never had any to wear.
Ambition for wealth, or love of display,
We could not even discover,
For poor in spirit and humble in heart
Was my good, old-fashioned mother.

Her life was crowded with work and with care;
How did she accomplish it all!
I do not remember she ever complained,
And yet she was slender and small.
Motives of life that were selfish or wrong,
With Christian grace did she smother,
She lived for her God and the loved ones at home,
My true, good, old-fashioned mother.

The years of her life were only three-score,
When the messenger whispered low,
"The Master has come and calleth for thee,"
She answered, "I'm ready to go."

I gaze alone on her portrait to-night,
And more than ever I love her,
And I thank the Lord that He gave to me
Such a good, old-fashioned mother.

WHEN Eve was brought unto Adam, he became filled with the Holy Spirit, and gave her the most sanctified, the most glorious of appellations. He called her Eva, that is, mother; he did not style her wife, but simply mother—mother of all living creatures. In this consists the glory and most precious ornament of woman.—*Luther.*

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

—Bernard Barton.

THERE blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief.

A MOTHER'S TREASURES.

I HAVE some withered flowers
That are softly laid away;
Not because they were so beautiful
And fragrant in their day,
But little fingers clasped them,
And little lips caressed,
And little hands so tenderly
Placed them on a "mother's" breast.
The paper that enfolds them
Was white in other years,
But 'tis rumpled now and crumpled,
And stained with many tears.
Yet, though they looked so worthless,
This paper and the flowers,
They clasp and hold, like links of gold,
Memories of jewel hours.

I have some little ringlets,
They are softly laid away,
Their lustre and their beauty
Are like the sun's glad ray.

But 'tis not for this I prize them;
It is that they restore
The tender grace of loving face
That gladdens earth no more.

As the shipwrecked men at midnight
Have oft been known to cling,
With a silent prayer, in wild despair,
To some frail, floating thing;
So I, in darkened moment,
Clasp, with a voiceless prayer,
While wandering wide on grief's deep tide,
These locks of golden hair.

I have some broken playthings
That are softly laid away
With some dainty little garments
Made in a long-past day.
In each there is a history,
But this I may not tell,
Lest the old, old flood of sorrow
Again should rise and swell.

Now that the skies are brightened,
And the fearful storm is o'er,
Let me sit in tender calmness
On memory's silent shore,
And count the simple treasures
That still remain to show
Where hope's fair freight, by saddest fate,
Was shipwrecked long ago.

I have another treasure
That is softly laid away,
And though I have not seen it
This many a weary day,
From everything around me
Comes a token and a sign
That 'tis fondly watched and guarded,
And that it still is mine.

When the flowers lie dead in winter,
In their winding-sheets of snow,
We know they'll rise to charm our eyes
Again in summer's glow;

Thus I, in this chill season,
When frost and darkness reign,
Wait the blest spring whose warmth shall bring
Life to my flower again.

BETTER IN THE MORNING.

—*Leander S. Coan.*

"YOU can't help the baby, parson,
But still I want ye to go
Down an' look in upon her,
An' read an' pray, you know.
Only last week she was skippin' round
A pullin' my whiskers and hair,
A climbin' up to the table
Into her little high-chair.

"The first night that she took it,
When her little cheeks grew red,
When she kissed good-night to papa,
And went away to bed—

Sez she, ' 'Tis headache, papa,
Be better in mornin', bye;'
An' somethin' in how she said it
Jest made me want to cry.

"But the mornin' brought the fever,
And her little hands were hot,
And the pretty red of her little cheeks
Grew into a crimson spot.
But she laid there jest ez patient
Ez ever a woman could,
Takin' whatever we give her
Better'n a grown woman would.

"The days are terrible long an' slow,
An' she's growin' wus in each;
An' now she's jest a slippin'
Clear away out ov our reach.
Every night when I kiss her,
Tryin' hard not to cry,
She says in a way that kills me—
'Be better in mornin'—bye!'

"She can't get through the night, parson,
So I want ye to come an' pray,
And talk with mother a little—
You'll know jest what to say.
Not that the baby needs it,
Nor that we make any complaint
That God seems to think he's needin'
The smile uv the little saint."

I walked along with the corporal
To the door of his humble home,
To which the silent messenger
Before me had already come;
And if he had been a titled prince
I would not have been honored more
Than I was with his heartfelt welcome
To his lowly cottage-door.

Night falls again in the cottage;
They move in silence and dread
Around the room where the baby
Lies panting upon her bed.

"Does baby know papa, darling?"
And she moves her little face,
With answer that shows she knows him;
But scarcely a visible trace

Of her wonderful infantile beauty
Remains as it was before
The unseen, silent messenger
Had waited at the door.
"Papa—kiss—baby; I's—so—tired."
The man bows low his face,
And two swollen hands are lifted
In baby's last embrace.

And into her father's grizzled beard
The little red fingers cling,
While her husky whispered tenderness
Tears from a rock would wring.
"Baby—is—so—sick—papa—
But—don't—want—you—to—cry."
The little hands fell on the coverlet—
"Be—better—in—mornin'—bye!"

And night around baby is falling,
  Settling down dark and dense;
Does God need their darling in heaven,
  That he must carry her hence?
I prayed with tears in my voice,
  As the corporal solemnly knelt,
With such grief as never before
  His great warm heart had felt.

Oh! frivolous men and women!
  Do you know that around you and nigh—
Alike from the humble and haughty—
  Goeth up evermore the cry:
"My child, my precious, my darling,
  How can I let you die?"
Oh, hear ye the white lips whisper,
  "Be—better—in—mornin'—bye!"

ONE lamp, thy mother's love, amid the stars shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before the throne of God burn through eternity.—*N. P Willis.*

THE MOTHER.

—*E. V. S.*

"A perfect woman nobly planned."

NEVER too tired to hear or heed
The slightest cry of her children's need;
Never impatient in look or word,
By what tender thoughts her heart is stirred.

Through nights of watching and busy days,
Unwearied, she asks no meed of praise;
For others spending and being spent,
She finds therein her sweet content.

Though decked in no robes of silken sheen,
In her small domain she walks a queen;
Outshining far the costliest gem.
A spirit meek is her diadem.

Though fortune frown, she is brave of heart,
No selfish thought in her life has part;
Patient and trustful though storms may lower;
A faithful friend in life's darkest hour.

A MOTHER'S WORK.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."—Prov. xxxi, 27.

EARLY in the morning,
Up as soon as light,
Overseeing breakfast,
Putting things a-right.
Dressing little children,
Hearing lessons said,
Washing baby faces,
Toasting husband's bread.

After breakfast, reading,
Holding one at prayers;
Putting up the dinners,
Mending little tears;
Good-bye, kissing children,
Sending off to school,
With a prayer and blessing,
Mother's heart is full.

Washing up the dishes,
Sweeping carpets clean,
Doing up the chamber-work,
Sewing on machine;
Baby lies a-crying,
Rubbing little eyes;
Mother leaves her sewing
To sing the lullabies.

Cutting little garments,
Trimming children's hats,
Writing for the papers,
With callers having chats;
Hearing little footsteps
Running through the hall,
Telling school is over,
As mamma's name they call.

Talking with the children
All about their school,
Soothing little troubles,
Teaching grammar rules;

Seeing about supper,
Lighting up the room,
Making home look cheerful,
Expecting husband soon.

Then, with all her headaches,
Keeping to herself,
Always looking cheerful,
Other lives to bless.
Putting to bed children,
Hearing say their prayers,
Giving all a good-night's kiss
Before she goes down-stairs.

Once more in the parlor,
Sitting down to rest,
Reading in the Bible
How His promises are blest;
Taking all her sorrows
And every care to One,
With that trusting, hopeful heart,
Which none but mothers own.

THE MOTHER'S DAY-DREAM.

—*A. C. M.*

A MOTHER sat at her sewing,
But her brow was full of thought;
The little one playing beside her,
Her own sweet mischief wrought.
A book on a chair lay near her;
'Twas open, I strove to see,
At the old Greek artist's story:
"I paint for eternity."

So I fancied all her dreaming;
I watched her serious eye,
As the 'broidery dropped from her fingers,
And she heaved a heartfelt sigh.
She drew the little one nearer,
And looked on the sunny face,
Swept the bright curls from the open brow,
And kissed it with loving grace.

And she thought: "I, too, am an artist;
My life-work here I see,
This sweet, dear face, my hand must trace,
I must paint for eternity.
Hence, each dark passion shadow!
Pain's deeply-graven lines!
Hers must be the reflected beauty
That from the pure heart shines.

"But how shall I blend the colors,
How mingle the light and shade,
Or arrange the weird surroundings
The future has arrayed?
Oh, life! thou hast weary night-falls,
And days all drear that be,
But, from thy darkness, marvelous grace
Wilt thou evoke for me?

"Alas, that I am but a learner!
So where shall I make me wise,
Or obtain the rare old colors,
The Master's precious dyes?

I must haste to the fount of beauty,
Must pleadingly kneel at His feet,
And crave, 'mid His wiser scholars,
The humblest pupil's seat.

"Then, hand and heart together,
Some grace shall add each day;
Thus, thus, shall her face grow lustrous
With beauty that cannot decay.
My darling! God guide my pencil,
And grant me the vision to see
In the light of His love, without blemish or stain,
In the coming eternity."

Then the mother awoke from her day-dream,
Her face grew bright again,
And I knew her faith was strengthened
By more than angel's ken.
Her fingers flew the faster,
As she sang a soft, low song;
It seemed like a prayer for the child so fair,
As it thrilled the air along.

AN INDIAN MOTHER'S LOVE.

OS-HE-OUH-MAI, the wife of Little Wolf, one of the Iowa Indians, died while at Paris, of an affection of the lungs, brought on by grief for the death of her young child in London. Her husband was unremitting in his endeavors to console and restore her to the love of life; but she constantly replied: "No, no; my four children recall me. I see them by the side of the Great Spirit. They stretch out their arms to me, and are astonished that I do not join them."

No! no! I must depart
From earth's pleasant scenes, for they but wake
Those thrilling memories of the lost which shake
The life-sands from my heart.

Why do ye bid me stay?
Should the rose linger when the young buds die,
Or the tree flourish when the branches lie
Stricken by sad decay?

Doth not the parent dove,
When her young nurslings leave their lowly home
And soar on joyous wings to heaven's blue dome,
Fly the deserted grave?

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

Why, then, should I remain?
Have I not seen my sweet-voiced warblers soar
So far away that Love's fond wiles no more
May lure them back again?

They cannot come to me;
But I may go to them—and, as the flower
Awaits the dewy eve, I wait the hour
That sets my spirit free.

Hark! heard ye not a sound
Sweeter than wild-bird's note or minstrel's lay?
I know that music well, for night and day
I hear it echoing round.

It is the tuneful chime
Of spirit voices;—'tis my infant band
Calling the mourner from this darkened land
To Joy's unclouded clime.

My beautiful, my blest!
I see them there, by the Great Spirit's throne;

With winning words and fond beseeching tone
They woo me to my rest.

They chide my long delay,
And wonder that I linger from their home;
Thev stretch their loving arms to bid me come—
Now would ye have me stay?

—*Heavenly Recognition.*

EXPERIENCE.

A little dreaming, such as mothers know;
A little lingering over dainty things;
A happy heart, wherein love all aglow
Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and sings,
And that is all.

A little clasping to her yearning breast;
A little musing over future years;
A heart that prays, "Dear Lord, thou knowest best,
But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of tears,"—
And that is all.

A little spirit speeding through the night;
A little home grown lonely, dark and chill;
A sad heart, groping blindly for the light;
A little snow-clad grave beneath the hill;
And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread;
A little patience keeping back the tears;
A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,
God keeps her safe through His eternal years,"—
And that is all.

A MOTHER'S CARES.

I DO not think that I could bear
My daily weight of woman's care
If it were not for this,
That Jesus seemeth always near,
Unseen, but whispering in my ear
Some tender word of love and cheer,
To fill my soul with bliss!

There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows and no one shares,
Too small for me to tell;
Things e'en my husband cannot see;
Nor his dear love uplift from me
Each hour's unnamed perplexity,
That mothers know so well.

The failure of some household scheme,
The ending of some pleasant dream,
Deep hidden in my breast;

The weariness of children's noise,
The yearning for that subtle poise
That turneth duties into joys,
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,
Are known to Jesus, each and all,
And this thought brings me peace.
I do not need to say one word;
He knows what thought my heart hath stirred,
And by divine caress my Lord
Makes all its throbbing cease.

And then upon his loving breast
My weary head is laid at rest,
In speechless ecstasy!
Until it seemeth all in vain
That care, fatigue, or mortal pain
Should hope to drive me forth again
From such felicity!

PAPA'S LETTER.

(A WIDOW'S STORY.)

I WAS sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be disturbed.

"But I's so tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do,
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I wite a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mamma, me wite a letter!
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a postage stamp I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then said I, "Now little letter,
Go away and bear good news;"
And I smiled as down the staircase,
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee,—
"Mamma's witing lots of letters;
I's a letter, Mary,—see!"

No one heard the little prattle
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reaching his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door,
"I's a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for more?

"'Cause dis letter, doin' to papa;
Papa lives with God, 'ou know.
Mamma sent me for a letter;
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan do?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anover office,
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
As the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right
As a pair of maddened horses,
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

TO MY MOTHER.

—*N. P. Willis.*

MOTHER! dear mother! the feelings nurst,
As I hung at thy bosom, *clung round thee first.*
'Twas the earliest link in love's warm chain—
'Tis the only one that will long remain;
And, as year by year, and day by day,
Some friend still trusted drops away,
Mother! dear mother! *oh, dost thou see*
How the shorten'd chain brings me nearer thee? —*Early Poems.*

'Tis midnight the lone mountains on—
The east is flecked with cloudy bars,
And gliding through them one by one,
The moon walks up her path of stars—
The light upon her placid brow
Received from fountains unseen now.

And happiness is mine to-night,
Thus springing from an unseen fount,
And breast and brain are warm with light,
With midnight round me on the mount—

Its rays, like thine, fair Dian flow
From far that Western star below.

Dear mother! in thy love I live;
The life thou gav'st flows yet from thee—
And sun-like, thou hast power to give
Life to the earth, air, sea, for me!
Though wandering, as this moon above,
I'm dark without thy constant love.

A MOTHER'S first ministration for her infant is to enter, as it were, the valley of the shadow of death, and win its life at the peril of her own. How different must an affection thus founded be from all others!—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

NO language can express the power, and beauty, and heroism, and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over the wastes of worldly fortunes sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.—*Chapin.*

THE CONVICT.

These lines were written by a convict in the Ohio penitentiary.

I'VE wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from my happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam;
And time, since then, has rolled its years
And marked them on my brow;
Yet, I have often thought of thee—
I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking on the day, mother,
When, at my tender side,
You watch'd the dawning of my youth,
And kissed me in your pride:
Then brightly was my heart lit up
With hopes of future joy,
While your bright fancy honors wove
To deck thy darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When with such anxious care,
You lifted up your heart to heaven—
Your hope, your trust, was there:
Fond memory brings thy parting words,
While tears roll'd down your cheek;
Thy long, last, loving look told more
Than ever words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
No friend is near me now,
To soothe me with a tender word
Or cool my burning brow;
The dearest ties affection wove
Are all now torn from me;
They left me when the trouble came:
They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblest:
Yet still I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distress'd.

I know you would not chide, mother,
You would not give me blame;
But soothe me with your tender words,
And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay;
The tempter with his baleful cup
Has dash'd them all away;
And shame has left its venom sting,
To rack with anguish wild—
Yet still I would not have thee know
The sorrows of thy child.

Oh! I have wander'd far, mother,
Since I deserted thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break
Beyond the deep, blue sea.
O! mother, still I love thee well,
And long to hear thee speak;
And feel again thy balmy breath
Upon my careworn cheek.

But, ah! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast,
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest;
And while I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in my ear
A voice, that speaks of heaven and thee,
And bids me seek thee there.

A MOTHER'S love, in a degree, sanctifies the most worthless offspring.—*Hosea Ballou.*

A MOTHER is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.—*Coleridge.*

AND if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.—*Washington Irving.*

RICH, THOUGH POOR.

A. D. F. Randolph.

NO rood of land in all the earth,
No ship upon the sea,
Nor treasures rare of gold or gems
Do any keep for me:
As yesterday I worked for bread,
So must I toil to-day!
Yet some are not so rich as I,
Nor I so poor as they.

On yonder tree the sunlight falls,
The robins on the bough;
Still I can hear a merrier note
Than he is warbling now;
He's but an Arab of the sky,
And never lingers long;
But o'erruns the livelong year
With music and with song.

Come gather round me, merry ones,
And here as I sit down,

With shouts of laughter on me place
A mimic regal crown.
Say, childless king, would I accept
Your armies and domain,
Or e'en your crown, and never feel
These little hands again ?

There's more of honor in their touch,
And blessing unto me,
Than kingdom unto kingdom joined
Or navies on the sea ;
So greater gifts by them are brought
Than Sheba's queen did bring
To him who at Jerusalem
Was born to be a king.

Look at my crown, and then at yours,
Look in my heart and thine ;
How do our jewels now compare—
The earthly and divine ?
Hold up your diamonds to the light,
Emerald and amethist ;

They're to those love-lit eyes–
Those lips so often kissed!

"O noblest Roman of them all;"
That mother good and wise
Who pointed to her little ones,
The jewels of her eyes;
Four sparkle in my own to-day,
Two deck a sinless brow;
How great my riches at the thought
Of those in glory now.

And still no rood of all the earth,
No ship upon the sea,
No treasure rare of gold or gems,
Are safely kept for me;
Yet I am rich—myself a king,
And here is my domain!
Which only God shall take away
To give me back again.

MOTHER'S WEE MAN.

TWO violet eyes, intent and wise,
This great world view with a grave surprise;
Gaze at it, master it, rule, if you can!
That is the problem—mother's wee man.

Two sensitive ears, with unknown fears,
Turn at each sound the darling hears;
'Tis a strange great world, but love is its plan,
There is no danger—mother's wee man.

Each tiny pink fist, fit but to be kissed,
Waves hither and thither, wherever they list;
The right 'gainst the wrong, strike a blow when you can!
That is the battle—mother's wee man.

Two delicate feet, all dimpled and sweet,
To walk this rough earth seem strangely unmeet;
Yet tread the path boldly, it is but a span,
Life's little crossing—mother's wee man.

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

THEY sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of the days gone by;
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts they could not speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting-room wall;
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seat of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice, he gently said,
"Mother, these empty chairs!
They bring us such sad thoughts to-night;

We'll put them forever out of sight
In the small, dark room upstairs."

But she answered, "Father, no; not yet;
For I look at them and I forget
That the children are away;
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on of checkered blue,
And sit there every day.

"Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
While Mary her patchwork sews;
At evening the three child-like prayers
Go up to God from these little chairs
So softly that no one knows.

"Johnny comes back from the billow deep;
Willie wakes up from the battle-field sleep
To say 'good-night' to me;
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,

But a tired child whose play-time is o'er,
And comes to rest at my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above
In our Savior's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

A MOTHER would rather die than see her child ruined and disgraced; and could mother-love save from the ways of sin, there would be but few travelers on the road that leads down to death.

MOTHER'S WAY.

OFT within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done;
Should you wonder at this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its doors of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,

'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary
Or our task seems very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray,
That at last when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

—*Anonymous.*

TWO GRAVES.

BEYOND the gate are two small graves,
Just seen in this twilight hour;
One marked by a costly marble shaft,
The other by a single flower.

'Neath one, in a casket satin-lined,
Is a little baby face,
Round which the ringlets like pale spun-gold,
Cluster thick 'mid the flowers and lace.

In the other, in a coffin plainly made,
Wrapped up in spotless white,
Is another child; a precious pearl
Hid away from a mother's sight.

And now each day, in the twilight dim,
Together the mothers weep;
Far apart in life—from mansion to cot—
At the grave's dark door they meet.

All o'er this earth, be we rich or poor,
The mother's love is the same;
When the angel of death takes our darlings away,
'Tis alike to us all—the pain.

MOTHERS often die of grief for their children. Long watching by the side of the suffering one exhausts the energies and breaks the heart; and when the child dies, she soon follows, and side by side the mother and child sleep in the silent grave.

HOME INFLUENCES.

THERE is music in the word *home*. To the old it brings a bewitching strain from the harp of memory; to the young it is a reminder of all that is near and dear to them. Among the many songs we are wont to listen to, there is not one more cherished than the touching melody of "Home, Sweet Home."

Will you go back with me a few years, dear reader, in the history of the past, and traverse in imagination the gay streets and gilded saloons of Paris, that once bright center of the world's follies and pleasures? Passing through its splendid thoroughfares is one (an Englishman) who has left his home and native land to view the splendors and enjoy the pleasures of a foreign country. He has beheld with delight its paintings, its sculpture, and the grand yet graceful proportions of its buildings, and has yielded to the spell of the sweetest music. Yet, in the midst of his keenest happiness, when he was rejoicing most over the privileges he possessed, temptations assailed him. Sin was presented to him in one of

its most bewitching garbs. He drank wildly and deeply of the intoxicating cup, and his draught brought madness. Reason was overwhelmed, and he rushed out, all his scruples overcome, careless of what he did or how deeply he became immersed in the hitherto unknown sea of guilt.

The cool night air lifted the damp locks from his heated brow, and swept with soothing touch over his flushed cheeks. Walking on, calmer, but no less determined, strains of music from a distance met his ear. Following in the direction the sound indicated, he at length distinguished the words and air. The song was well remembered. It was "Home, Sweet Home." Clear and sweet the voice of some English singer rose and fell on the air, in the soft cadences of that beloved melody.

Motionless the wanderer listened till the last note floated away and he could hear nothing but the ceaseless murmur of a great city. Then he turned slowly, with no feeling that his manhood was shamed by the tear which fell as a bright evidence of the power of song.

The demon that dwells in the wine had fled; and

reason once more asserted her right to control. As the soft strains of "Sweet Home" had floated to his ear, memory brought up before him his own "sweet home." He saw his gentle mother, and heard her speak, while honest pride beamed from her eye, of her son, in whose nobleness and honor she could always trust; and his heart smote him as he thought how little he deserved such confidence. He remembered her last words of love and counsel, and the tearful farewell of all those dear ones who gladdened that far-away home with their presence. Well he knew their pride in his integrity, and the tide of remorse swept over his spirit as he felt what their sorrow would be, could they have seen him an hour before. Subdued and repentant, he retraced his steps, and with this vow never to taste of the terrible draught that could so excite him to madness, was mingled a deep sense of thankfulness for his escape from further degradation. The influence of home had protected him, though the sea rolled between.

None can tell how often the commission of crime is prevented by such memories. If, then, the spell of home is so powerful, how important it is to make it

pleasant and lovable! Many a time a cheerful home and smiling face does more to make good men and women than all the learning and eloquence that can be used. It has been said that the sweetest words in our language are "Mother, Home, and Heaven;" and one might almost say the word *home* included them all; for who can think of home without remembering the gentle mother who sanctified it by her presence? And is not home the dearest name for heaven? We think of that better land as a home where brightness will never end in night. Oh, then, may our homes on earth be the centers of all our joys; may they be as green spots in the desert, to which we can retire when weary of the cares and perplexities of life, and drink the clear waters of a love which we know to be sincere and always unfailing.

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

THE ROAD IS SO LONESOME BETWEEN.

Mary Riley Smith.

WHEN the crickets chirp in the evening,
And the stars flash out in the sky,
I sit in my lonely door-way
And watch the children go by;
I look at their fresh young faces,
And hark to each merry word,
For to me, a child's own language
Is the sweetest e'er was heard.

And so I sit in my door-way
In the hour that I love the best,
And think as I see them passing,
My child will come with the rest;
Think, when I hear the clicking
Of the little garden gate,
My darling's hand is upon it—
O, why has she come so late?

But the days have been slowly weaving
Their warp of toil in my life;

The weeks have rolled on me their burden
Of waiting and patience and strife;
The flowers that came with the summer
Have finished their errand so sweet,
And autumn is dropping her harvests
Mellow and ripe at my feet.

And yet my little girl comes not,
And I think she has missed her way,
And strayed from this cold, dark country
To one of perpetual day.
I think that the angels have found her,
And, loving her better than we,
Have begged the Good Father to keep her,
Right on through eternity.

Perhaps. But I long to enfold her,
To tangle my hand in her hair,
To feast my starved mouth on her kisses,
To hear her light foot on the stair.
I am but a poor, selfish mother,
And mother-hearts starve, though they know

Their children are drinking the nectar
From lilies in heaven that blow.

Some day I am sure I shall find her,—
But the road is so lonesome between,
My spirit grows sick and impatient
For a glimpse of the pastures so green.
Till then I shall sit in the door-way,
In the hour that my heart loves best,
And think when the children pass homeward,
My child will come with the rest.

IT is the mother who moulds the character and fixes the destiny of the child.

THE OLD SONG.

OH, sing again that dear old strain
My mother sang to me,
When holy rays of earlier days
Gleamed through our threshold tree:
The sunset low, in purple glow,
Crept o'er the sanded sill;
She lingered there, in that old chair—
Mother! I see thee still.

The low-eaved roof, with mossy woof,
And creepers trailing o'er:
The story long, the dear old song,
Beside that oaken door;
The eyes that shone, the melting tone
Of that sweet voice still come,
With silvered hair and plantive prayer—
Blest memories of my home!

Long years have fled; the vines are dead
And withered that old tree,

And never more, beside *that* door,
Will mother sing to me,
But golden gleams of hallowed themes
Will linger to the last;
I cherish still, with sacred thrill,
The *ashes* of the past.

Then sing again that dear old strain
My mother sang to me,
When holy rays of earlier days
Gleamed through our threshold tree.

THE SWEETEST NAME.

Caleb Dunn.

THE name of *mother!* sweetest name
That ever fell on mortal ear!
The love of mother! Mightiest love
Which Heaven permits to flourish here.
Dissect a mother's heart and see
The properties it doth contain—
What pearls of love, what gems of hope—
A mother's heart beats not in vain.

The words of mother! when they flow
In love's true rhetoric from her lips,
The meteor stars of sin and shame
Are lost amid a bright eclipse;
And when we walk the glittering path
Wherein temptations oft we see,
Oh, then we realize how strong
The power of mother's love can be.

A mother's love! it never wanes;
What if her boy an ingrate seems?

The beauty of that wondrous love
  Around the thankless offspring beams;
Though in the path of shame he walks,
  Though crime hath driven him to the bowl,
A mother's care can yet avail—
  A mother's prayers may win his soul.

What heart like mother's can forgive
  The oft repeated wrongs of youth?
What hand like hers can lead us back
  From sin to innocence and truth?
Oh, name of *mother!* sweetest name
  That ever fell on mortal ear!
Oh, love of mother! mightiest love
  That Heaven allows to flourish here!

WHEN a mother forgives, she kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness.

WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

WHEN we see a precious blossom
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.

We shall sleep, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn!

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

—*Catherine E. Beecher.*

WOMAN has been but little aware of the high incitement that should stimulate to the cultivation of her noblest powers. The world is no longer to be governed by *physical* force, but by *the influence which mind exerts over mind.* How are the great springs of action in the political world put in motion? Often by the secret workings of a *single mind*, that in retirement plans its schemes, and comes forth to execute them only by presenting motives of prejudice, passion, self-interest or pride, to operate on other minds.

Now, the world is chiefly governed by motives that *men are ashamed to own.* When do we find mankind acknowledging that their efforts in political life are the offspring of pride and the desire of self-aggrandizement, and yet who hesitates to believe that this is true?

But there is a class of motives that men are not only willing but proud to own. Man does not willingly yield to force; he is ashamed to own he can yield to

fear; he will not acknowledge his motives of pride, prejudice or passion. But none are unwilling to own they can be governed by *reason*, even the worst will boast of being regulated by *conscience*, and where is the person who is ashamed to own the influence of the kind and generous emotions of the heart? Here, then, is the only proper field for the ambition of our sex. Woman, in all her relations, is bound to "*honor and obey*" those on whom she depends for protection and support, nor does the truly feminine mind desire to exceed this limitation of heaven. But where the dictates of authority may ever control, the voice of reason and affection may ever convince and persuade; and while others govern by motives that mankind are ashamed to own, the dominion of woman may be based on influences that the heart is proud to acknowledge.

And if it is indeed the truth that reason and conscience guide to the only path of happiness, and if affection will gain a hold on these powerful principles which can be attained in no other way, what high and holy motives are presented to woman for cultivating her highest powers! The development of the respond-

ing fascinations of a purified imagination, the charms of a cultivated taste, the quick perceptions of an active mind, the power of exhibiting truth and reason by perspicuous and animated conversation and writing, all these can be employed by woman as much as by man. And with these attainable faculties for gaining influence, woman has already received from the hand of her Maker those warm affections and quick susceptibilities which can most surely gain the empire of the heart.

Woman has never waked to her highest destinies and holiest hopes. She has yet to learn the purifying and blessed influence she may gain and maintain over the intellect and affections of the human mind. Though she may not teach from the portico, nor thunder from the forum, in her secret retirements she may form and send forth the sages that shall govern and renovate the world. Though she may not gird herself for bloody conflict, nor sound the trumpet of war, she may enwrap herself in the panoply of heaven, and send the thrill of benevolence through a thousand youthful hearts. Though she may not enter the list in

legal collision, nor sharpen her intellect amid the passions and conflicts of men, she may teach the law of kindness, and hush up the discords and conflicts of life. Though she may not be clothed as the ambassador of heaven, nor minister at the altar of God, as a secret angel of mercy she may teach his will, and cause to ascend the humble, but most accepted sacrifice.

O WONDERFUL power! how little understood,—
Entrusted to the mother's mind alone,
To fashion genius, form the soul for good,
Inspire a West or train a Washington!

EVEN He, that died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of his mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought, the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for heaven.—*Longfellow.*

A Kiss from my Mother made me a painter.—*Benjamin West.*

"FORGET ME NOT."

FORGET me not! in accents mild
My mother says, beloved child;
Forget me not, when far away
Amidst a thoughtless world you stray;
Forget me not, when fools would win
Your footsteps to the paths of sin;
Forget me not, when urged to wrong
By passions and temptations strong;
Forget me not, when pleasure's snare
Would lead you from the house of prayer.
Forget me not, in feeble age,
But let me then your thoughts engage,
And think, my child, how fondly I
Watched o'er your helpless infancy:
Forget me not, when death shall close
These eyelids in their last repose,
And evening breezes softly wave
The grass upon thy mother's grave:—
Oh! then, whate'er thy age and lot
May be, my child, FORGET ME NOT!

A MOTHER'S FAITH.

—*Anonymous.*

SHE loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill:
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stept,
The gayest of the gay!
That pride the blight of time has swept,
Unlike her love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast;
She saw that smile decay—depart—
And then she loved you most.

A WORLD.

THERE is a world where no storms intrude, a haven of safety against the tempests of life. A little world of joy and love, of innocence and tranquility. Suspicions are not there, nor jealousies, nor falsehood with her double tongue, nor the venom of slander. Peace embraces it with outspread wings. Plenty broodeth there. When a man entereth it, he forgeteth his sorrows, and cares, and disappointments; he openeth his heart to confidence, and to pleasure not mingled with remorse. This world is the well-ordered home of a virtuous and amiable woman.

A MOTHER'S love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age; and he is still but a child, however time may have furrowed his cheek, or silvered his brow, who can yet recall, with a softened heart, the fond devotion, or the gentle chidings, of the best friend that God ever gives us.—*Bovée.*

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

—*Laura Blanchard.*

IS there, where the winds are singing
In the happy summer-time,
Where the raptured air is ringing
With earth's music heavenward springing,
Forest chirp and village chime;
Is there, of the sounds that float
Minglingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

Listen, and be now delighted,
Morn hath touched her golden strings,
Earth and sky their vows have plighted,
Life and light are reunited,
Amid countless carolings;
Yet, delicious as they are,
There's a sound that's sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all—the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone,
Than the winds and waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
For it answereth his own.
But of all its witching words,
Sweeter than the songs of birds,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves and silver showers—
These ere long the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round;
Heart-deep laughter that I heard,
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier formed to catch the strain—

Ear of one whose love is surer;
Hers, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain;
Hers the deepest bliss to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Hers to hoard, a lifetime after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

Yes, a mother's large affection
Hears, with a mysterious sense,
Breathings that evade detection,
Whispers faint, and fine inflection,
Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honey'd tones untaught
Heareth she, in loving thought,
Tones that never thence depart,
For she listens—with her heart!

UNHAPPY is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.—*Richter.*

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

IT stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it,
The trees, a century old,
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill,
And beside the brook on the pastures,
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them,
They sit in the sun alone,
And the old wife's tears are falling,
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her childhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover,
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled,
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter-time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim nor old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done,
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Whose builder and maker is God."

Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of a vanished spring-time
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime,
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlived time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair,
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there,

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west,
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer
In the Father's House in the skies.

THE mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.—*Beecher.*

ON THE THRESHOLD.

A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER LEAVING HOME.

—*Anonymous.*

STANDING on the threshold,
With her waking heart and mind,
Standing on the threshold,
With her childhood left behind;
The woman softness blending
With a look of sweet surprise
For life and all its marvels
That lights the clear blue eyes.

Standing on the threshold,
With light foot and fearless hand,
As the young knight by his armor
In minster nave might stand;
The fresh red lip just touching
Youth's ruddy, rapturous wine,
The eager heart all brave, pure hope,
Oh, happy child of mine!

I could guard the helpless infant
That nestled in my arms;
I could save the prattler's golden head
From petty baby harms;
I could brighten childhood's gladness,
And comfort childhood's tears,
But I cannot cross the threshold
With the step of riper years.

For hopes, and joys, and maiden dreams
Are waiting for her there,
Where girlhood's fancies bud and bloom
In April's golden air;
And passionate love, and passionate grief,
And passionate gladness lie
Among the crimson flowers that spring
As youth goes fluttering by.

Ah! on those rosy pathways
Is no place for sobered feet;
My tired eyes have naught of strength
Such fervid glow to meet;

My voice is all too sad to sound
  Amid the joyous notes
Of the music that through charmèd air
  For opening girlhood floats.

Yet thorns amid the leaves may lurk,
  And thunder-clouds may lower,
And death, or change, or falsehood blight
  The jasmine in the bower.
May God avert the woe, my child;
  But, oh! should tempest come,
Remember by the threshold waits
  The patient love of home.

WHAT arts for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! To sew by degrees,
And 'broider the long clothes and neat little coat!
To dream and to dote.

—*Mrs. Browning's "Mother and Poet."*

MOTHER, THE STAR OF MY HOME.

—Eliza Cook.

I REMEMBER the days when my spirit would turn
From the fairest of scenes and the sweetest of song,
When the hearth of the stranger seemed coldly to burn,
And the moments of pleasure for me were too long;
For one name and one form shone in glory and light,
And lured back from all that might tempt me to roam.
The festal was joyous, but was not so bright
As the smile of a mother, the star of my home.

I remember the days when the tear filled my eye,
And the heaving sob wildly disturbed my young breast;
But the hand of that loved one the lashes would dry,
And her soothing voice lull my chafed bosom to rest.
The sharpest of pain and the saddest of woes,
The darkest, the deepest of shadows might come;

But now let me rove the wide world as I may,
There's no form to arise as a magnet for me;
I can rest amid strangers, and laugh with the gay—
Content with the pathway where'er it may be—
Let sorrow or pain fling their gloomiest cloud,
There's no haven to shelter, no beacon to save,
For the rays that e'er led me are quenched by the shroud,
And the star of my home has gone down in the grave.

BUT one thing on earth is better than a wife,—that is a mother.—*Leopold Schæfer.*

QUEEN OF THE WORLD.

THE mother in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man;
Then crown her queen of the world.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD KITCHEN.

—*Mrs. S. P. Snow.*

FAR back in my musings my thoughts have been cast
To the cot where the hours of my childhood were passed.
I loved all its rooms, to the pantry and hall,
But that blessèd old kitchen was dearer than all.
Its chairs and its table none brighter could be,
For all its surroundings were sacred to me,
To the nail in the ceiling, the latch on the door;
And I loved every knot of that old kitchen floor.

I remember the fireplace with mouth high and wide,
The old-fashioned oven that stood by its side,
Out of which, each Thanksgiving, came puddings and pies,
That fairly bewildered and dazzled our eyes;
And then, too, Saint Nicholas, slyly and still,
Came down every Christmas, our stockings to fill;
But the dearest of memories I've laid up in store,
Is the mother that trod that old kitchen floor.

Day in and day out, from morning till night,
Her footsteps were busy, her heart always light;
For it seemed to me then that she knew not a care,
The smile was so gentle her face used to wear.
I remember with pleasure what joy filled our eyes
When she told us the stories that children so prize;
They were new every night, though we'd heard them before
From her lips, at the wheel, on the old kitchen floor.

I remember the window where mornings I'd run
As soon as the day break, to watch for the sun;
And I thought, when my head scarcely reached to the sill,
That it slept through the night in the trees on the hill,
And the small tract of ground that my eyes there could view
Was all of the world that my infancy knew;
Indeed, I cared not to know of it more,
For a world in itself was that old kitchen floor.

To-night those old visions come back at their will,
But the wheel and their music forever are still;

The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it lie mold'ring in clay;
The hearthstone, so sacred, is just as 'twas then,
And the voices of children ring out there again;
The sun through the window looks in as of yore,
But it sees stranger feet on the old kitchen floor.

I ask not for honor, but this I could crave—
That when the lips speaking are closed in the grave,
My children will gather their's round at their side,
And tell of the mother that long ago died:
'Twould be more enduring, far dearer to me
Than inscription on marble or granite could be,
To have them tell often, as I did of yore,
Of the mother that trod the old kitchen floor.

BY the fireside still the light is shining,
The children's arms around the parents' twining;
From love so sweet, O who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.

—*Dinah Muloch Craik.*

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

—*Anonymous.*

AH! here it is, that dear old place,
Unchanged through all the years;
How like some sweet, familiar face
My childhood's home appears;
The grand old trees beside the door
Still spread their branches wide;
The river wanders as of yore,
With sweetly murmuring tide;
The distant hills look green and gay,
The flowers are blooming wild,
And everything looks glad to-day,
As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,
Half wondering I stand;
I catch no fond endearing tone,
I clasp no friendly hand;

I think my mother's smile to meet,
I list my father's call,
I pause to hear my brother's feet
Come bounding through the hall;
But silence all around me reigns,
A chill creeps through my heart—
No trace of those I love remains,
And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair;
What though the budding flowers
Still shed their fragrance on the air,
Within life's golden hours;
The loving ones that cluster here
These walls may not restore;
Voices that fill my youthful ear
Will greet my soul no more;
And yet I quit the dear old place,
With slow and lingering tread,
As when we kiss a clay-cold face
And leave it with the dead.

MOTHERHOOD.

—*Beecher.*

IN the lowest and simplest forms of animal life it is the rule that the offspring have no relation to their parents, other than physical. There is no love, no recognition. The spawn of the fish covers the river and the fish knows nothing about it, and they are hatched and the fish don't know its offspring except to eat it up. As you ascend from the lower forms of parentage steadily there seems to be an increment in this direction, that the parent and the offspring have increasing relations one to the other. Take the birds—the fowls of the air and the fowls of the yard. There is very strong parental affection, but it is very narrow and simple. The hen that clucks round my door every day with her brood of fifteen chickens, will quarral and fight as bravely as if she were a lioness if you attack them openly; but if you go in the night and take one from her and kill it or give it away, she don't miss it in the morning; and if

in the night you go quietly and abstract another, she doesn't know she is a bereaved mother. And so you may reduce her to one chicken, and she goes on acting as if she had control of the whole world. So that you see, while she has strong affection in one way, it is so small, so narrow, so unrecognizing, that one by one you can diminish her household and she doesn't grieve. She misses nothing. If you go further up you shall find that when you reach the mammals, or those that feed their young from their own bosom, a very strong development has taken place, bringing them nearer and nearer together. Not only is the lioness a lover of her whelp, but she is very sagacious about it. Go into the wood and take the cubs of a bear, and she will follow your footsteps far and near, and woe be to the man that has her young in his pouch if she overtakes him. She misses them, and mourns them if she can't find them. Take the calf away from the cow, and she goes lowing about day by day and week by week sometimes. She not only loves it while it is present with her—she misses it as the bird does not miss its little one.

The sphere is enlarged when you reach the human family. You begin to find then that the scope of parental affection is enriched in variety and immensely enlarged. Even in the lowest savage nations the mother's love is something that rises superior as an angel in the midst of all the rude and coarse elements of life.

And as the mind enlarges, so does the scope of parental affection and the imagination with which the mother engirts, as with bonds of light, the little infant. A civilized and a Christian woman! No poet, no philosopher, can tell what is the richness and fruitfulness and wonder of the imagination that hovers over a Christian woman at the cradle. To her the star of the East comes again to stand even where the young child lies. To her the wise men of the earth might well come bearing offerings and incense. To her again are renewed all the scenes of the sacred stable where the child lay. The cradle is her temple; the babe is her divinity, and whatever reason can and whatever fancy can, when both of them are stimulated by profoundest love—whatever there is near or far, present or to

come, that love is woman's. "Mary kept these things in her heart and pondered them." The pondering of a mother, if it could be written—if there were an angelic reportorial hand to take the best thoughts and the sweetest fancies, and the life of a mother's heart could be written in those early brooding days, it would shine fit to be read in the libraries of the heavenly world itself. A mother's love has all the stars of heaven shining at night down on it. Serving that little impotence, that little possibility of the future, she asks no other reward than the joy of service; she asks nothing; she can't free herself from it. It wins her by the whole strength of her nature from pleasure, from honor, from society, from all rest, from the glory of the earth; outwardly, from all that has been treasured by the accumulated wisdom and refinements of the years. They are nothing to her. The sum total of human experience, if it could be put together in some shining bauble, would seem to her as darkness compared with the luminous joy with which she serves the young immortal—her king, her little prophet, her little priest, her little god!

Human nature never comes so near the divine as

when a royal woman pours out the full flood of her thought, and fancy, and love to the little unheeding, and to her as yet useless child. Where else is she so beautiful as when she sits in the center of this mystic circle, as when she sings to her babe or gazes silently as it feeds upon her bosom? The stars have nothing so bright, and the heavens scarcely anything more pure and more lovely, than the heavenly love service of a mother to her little one, helpless and unfashioned.

Look for one single moment upon the power of the cradle, for all this love and outflowing of the divinest feeling of human nature was not meant to be expended merely as a luxury for the maternal bosom—there is meaning in it. It is one of the sources of the greatest power that exists on earth. The power of the cradle is greater than the power of the throne, greater than royalty in its diffusion and in its capacity of usefulness—ten thousand times greater. Make me monarch of the cradles, and I will give to whosoever will the monarchy of the kingdoms and of the throne.

HOME OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

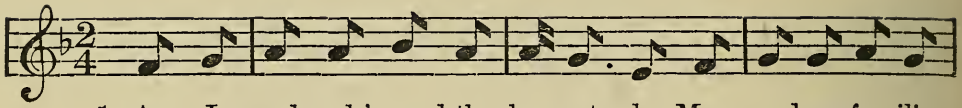
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HOME of our childhood! How affection clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings!
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown;
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze,
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky.

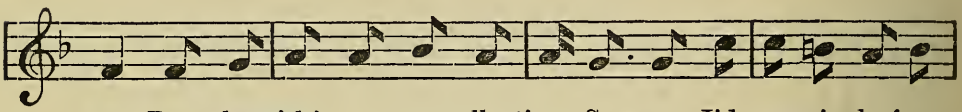
A MOTHER'S heart, like primroses, opens most beautifully in the evening of life.

MOTHER'S DEATH.

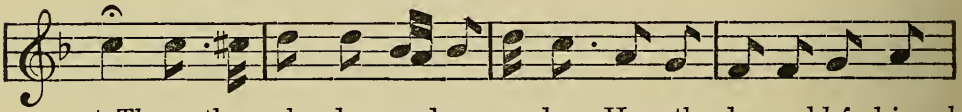
MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.



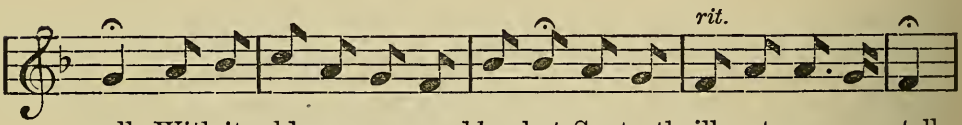
1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Many a dear familiar
2. Tho' the house was held by strangers, All remained the same with-
3. Quick I drew it from the rubbish, Covered o'er with dust so



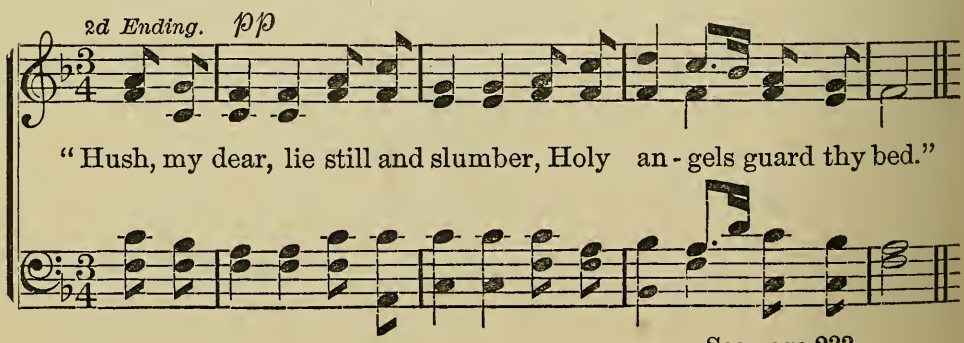
spot, Brought within my re-collection, Scenes I'd seemingly for-
in, Just as when a child I rambled Up and down, and out and
long: When, behold, I heard in fancy, Strains of one fa-mil-iar



got, There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—Here the deep, old-fashioned
in, To the gar-ret dark as-cending (Once a source of childish
song, Oft-en sung by my dear mother To me in that trun-dle



well, With its old moss-covered bucket, Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.
dread), Peering through the misty cobwebs. Lo! I saw my trundle bed.
bed: [*Omit*.....]



"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy an-gels guard thy bed."

See page 233

LETTER FROM PHILIP PHILLIPS.

WHEN Philip Phillips wrote giving permission to use "My Mother's Prayer," found on page 233 of this book, he said:—

"You have my permission to use the hymn from 'Song Life,' as you request.

"God bless the dear Christian mothers ot our land. Mine is a sainted one long since gone to glory.

"But I remember her prayers which have and are still blessing me.

Yours in faith and song,

PHILIP PHILLIPS."

ONE BY ONE.

THEY are gathering home from every land,
One by one,
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one;
Their brows are encased in a golden crown
And their travel-soiled garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead
Where the Lamb loveth his chosen to lead,
One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the river of death they enter life,
One by one.
To some the waves of the river are still
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;
To some the waters run darkly and wild,
But all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

They are gathering home from every land,
One by one.

We, too, shall come to the river-side,
One by one;
We are nearer its waters each even-tide,
One by one.
We can hear the roar and the dash of the stream
Ever and again through our life's deep dream;
Sometimes the waves all the banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in light ripples the small waves go,
One by one.

MOTHER IS DEAD.

TREAD softly! bow the head,
In reverend silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars;
This moment there—so low
In mortal prayer—and now
Beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change!
Here lies the senseless clod!
The soul from bondage breaks,
The new immortal wakes—
Walks with her God!

The long watches of the night are over, and she is gone; gone from her earthly home; gone from the society of those she loved; gone to live with the dear

ones "over yonder," and with the angels. She was happiest when surrounded by her family and friends, but death called and she went away willingly. Part of her family had long since gone over, and were "waiting and watching" for her; and when the messenger came, she was ready to go.

The night was dark and stormy without, but within there was a holy quiet, only disturbed by the heavy breathing of a dying mother and the sobs of weeping friends. We had watched and waited at her side for many long days and nights. We hoped and prayed that death might stay his hand and leave her with us, but day after day she seemed to care less for things of earth and more for those of heaven. We patiently watched and prayed as the weary days and nights wore on, but the trial hour came at last, and we assembled around her bed to see her die. As she went out across the dark river, we tried in broken utterances to sing of the beautiful land, the sweet home of the soul—

"I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,

Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand
While the years of eternity roll."

Death halted not in his onward march, but with ruthless tread crushed our hearts, and laid hold on the mother that we loved; and with a whispered good-night she fell asleep—

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

Morning dawned, but mother did not look upon the sunshine. Friends passed in and out, but she saw them not. She was shrouded for the grave, but saw not her white apparel. We drew back the curtain to look upon the calm and quiet face, but she did not notice us. We called, but she could not answer. We wept bitter tears of grief, but she heeded not our sorrow. Then the coffin came, and friendly hands lifted the precious dust into the softly cushioned bed.

"Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose

Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close—
Never—no, never."

One more kiss; once more let us press those lips that never deceived us; those lips that always spoke our name in love. But they are cold and silent now. One kiss on those pale cheeks and marble brow. Farewell, mother; a long farewell—

"Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

"There is a world above
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere."

And now the coffin is closed and the lid by kindly hands is made secure in its place. We turn from this scene and look upon the outer world. The fields are

bright and green as ever, perhaps, but to us a gloom has settled down on all things earthly. She loved these scenes; loved to watch the sun come up; to look on this beautiful landscape; to watch the trees moving in the wind. But these things will attract her no more. She will never look on them again.

Here comes her pastor. "God bless you," he says, "your mother is safe now, safe at last, safe at home, safe in heaven. It is well. On the other shore she will be 'waiting and watching' for you." How often mother has directed us to that land that knows no sorrow; and how well we remember her prayers and tears for us in other years. The first prayer our infant lips learned to utter she taught us to repeat.

Lift the coffin gently, and carry it carefully. Mother goes out from her fondly cherished home never to return. From out this door others have gone to the grave. She followed them sadly weeping. How our number is growing less; but few are left, and we, too, must soon follow.

"Thus, star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,

As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light."

What a lonely road, this, to the grave. Over it during the last few years the aged and the young have gone. Old age, with its gray hairs; youth in its beauty, and childhood in its innocence, have gone this lonely way; but it is mother that is going now. Here are her children and her relatives, and her many friends in this silent funeral march to the grave. Some day we, too, must go this way. Over this road must we be taken when we are dead. Friends will follow silently, sadly as we follow now, and then we will be laid in the silent tomb. Here are the graves. How often dear mother has visited this place, and how many tears have fallen for those she loved!

"Now her last labors done,
Now the grave is won;
Oh, Grave, we come;
Seal up this precious dust—
Land of the good and just,
Take the soul home."

Farewell, mother; a long, a last, a sad farewell; we

leave thee here to rest. Long and unbroken will be this silent slumber. Spring, with its blooming flowers; autumn, with its harvest; and winter, with its stormy winds, will come and go, but still wilt thou sleep on. Age after age will roll by, and this quiet slumber will be unbroken. Time's effacing fingers will wear the names from these marbles, and still wilt thou sleep on. One by one we too will come and lie down by thy side. But when the glorious resurrection morn shall come, as come it will, we shall together be caught up to meet our Lord in the air, coming in the clouds of heaven to gather his people home. Then our love shall be renewed again in that far off land of light.

"No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

What a lonely place home is now. Everything about it reminds us of her. Here the room she occupied, the vines she trained, the garments she wore. Home can never be what it once was. Long months and years will we miss her who adorned it above all other

ornaments. The garden paths, the pictures on the wall, the furniture, everything reminds us of mother—

"There's a land far away mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time."

And to that land we will direct our steps; to that land mother has found her way. There they die no more. There friends long parted meet again.

"O! our sainted mother, we will not deplore you as lost, for we are yet one, and shall forever be; for that bond which united us here shall exist in all its strength and vigor when the wheels of the universe shall stand still; when every mountain shall have fallen, it shall remain unimpaired; when every law whose authority is acknowledged by material nature shall have been annulled, this law of love shall be in force." When every river has run dry and the sea is without a drop; when the sun and moon have been blown out and the last star has burned down; when the watchfires of heaven have all died away and the universe has rolled together as a scroll, then this family bond shall become immortal and die no more. A few

more days and time with us will have closed, and the things of earth will have passed away, and we will be at home.

"Only waiting 'till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey."

Hail, ye far off lands of light! Hail, ye moving millions that walk the plains of the New Jerusalem! Hail, all hail! mother dear, we are coming home.

MOTHERLESS.

Duff Porter

WHAT is home without a mother?
Ah! surely best they know,
Where the days' long weary shadows
Die with no sunset glow;
Where the pained ear aches with waiting,
But hears no answer sweet;
Where the eyes grow dim with watching,
The dear lost face to greet;
Where the children meet at twilight,
Only the darkness dread,
No soft hand with fond caressing
To soothe the troubled head;
Where no kiss with love's sweet healing,
In silence of night,
Like a benediction holy,
Gives peace 'till morning light.
Ah! the dark wide gulf's deep yawning,
The aching void unfilled;
Ah! the silence drear, unbroken,

By her voice never thrilled.
Ah! the midnight pall unlifted,
The presence grim and cold,
That have filled with gloom the places
That she made bright of old.
It is day without its sunshine,
A June with roses dead;
It is summer without harvest,
But blighted fields instead;
It is blackest wing of sorrow,
Low brooding day by day,
O'er the heart's most sacred yearning,
While slow years pass away.

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

AS I wandered 'round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot,
Brought within my recollection,
Scenes I'd seemingly forgot.
There, the orchard—meadow yonder—
Here the deep, old-fashioned well,
With its old-moss-covered bucket,
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

Though the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within,
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in;
To the garret dark ascending
(Once a source of childish dread),
Peering through the misty cobwebs,
Lo! I saw my trundle-bed.

Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o'er with dust so long,

When, behold, I heard in fancy,
Strains of one familiar song,
Often sung by my dear mother
To me in that trundle-bed:
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber.
Holy angels guard thy bed."

While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again;
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky even-tide;
Near my trundle-bed I'm kneeling,
As in yore, by mother's side.

Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:

"Father, thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be thy name."

Prayer is over—to my pillow
With a good-night kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
"Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless my precious child."

Yet I am but only dreaming,
Ne'er I'll be a child again,
Many years has that dear mother,
In the quiet grave-yard lain;
But her blessed, angel spirit
Daily hovers o'er my head,
Calling me from earth to heaven,
Even from my trundle-bed.

A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

Mrs. Lydia A. Sigourney.

YOU'RE weary, my precious ones; your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide!
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim,
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove;
Come press your velvet cheek to mine
And learn the lay of love;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng;
Cling as you used to cling to her,
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet bird, the accustomed strain,
Come warble loud and clear,

Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear.
Good-night, go say the prayer she taught
Beside your little bed;
The lips that used to bless you there
Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life,
His care protect those shrinking plants,
That dread the storms of strife;
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the springs that rule the soul?
Dear smitten flock, good-night.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

Bishop Gilbert Haven.

ON one of the shelves of my library, surrounded by volumes of all kinds, on various subjects and in various languages, stands an old book, in its plain covering of brown paper, unprepossessing to the eye, and apparently out of place among the more pretentious volumes that stand by its side. To the eye of the stranger it certainly has neither beauty nor comeliness. Its covers are worn; its leaves marred by long use; its pages, once white, have become yellow with age; yet old and worn as it is, to me it is the most beautiful and most valuable book on my shelves. No other awakens such associations, or so appeals to all that is best and noblest within me. It is, or rather it was, my mother's Bible—companion of her best and holiest hours, source of her unspeakable joy and consolation. It was the light to her feet and lamp to her path. It was constantly by her side; and, as her steps tottered in the advance pilgrimage of life, and her eyes grew dim with age, more and more precious to her became the well worn pages.

One morning, just as the stars were fading into the

dawn of the coming Sabbath, the aged pilgrim passed on beyond the stars, and beyond the morning, and entered into the rest of the eternal Sabbath—to look upon the face of him of whom the law and the prophets had spoken, and whom, not having seen, she had loved. And now, no legacy is, to me, more precious than that old Bible. Years have passed; but it stands there on its shelf, eloquent as ever, witness of a beautiful life that is finished. When sometimes, from the cares and conflicts of external life, I come back to the study, weary of the world and tired of men, that are so hard and selfish, and a world that is so unfeeling—and the strings of the soul have become untuned and discordant, I seem to hear that book saying, as with the well remembered tones of a voice long silent, "Let not your heart be troubled, for what is your life? It is even as a vapor." Then my troubled spirit becomes calm; and the little world that had grown so great, and so formidable, sinks into its true place again. I am peaceful. I am strong.

There is no need to take down the volume from the shelf, or to open it. A glance of the eye is sufficient. Memory and the law of association sup-

ply the rest. Yet there are occasions when it is otherwise; hours in life when some deep grief has troubled the heart, some darker, heavier cloud is over the spirit and over the dwelling, and when it is a comfort to take down that old Bible and search its pages. Then, for a time, the latest editions, the original languages, the notes and commentaries, and all the critical apparatus which the scholar gathers around him for the study of the Scriptures are laid aside; and the plain old English Bible that was my mother's is taken from the shelf.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MOTHER'S PICTURE.

William Cowper.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solac'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away;"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic chain
To quench it), here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrance of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bid'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own!
And, while that face renews my failing grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,

Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed!
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son—
Wretch'd even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss;
Ah, that maternal smile, it answers, "Yes."
I heard the bell toll'd on thy funeral day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu;
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are sounds unknown!
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.

Thy maidens griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,

And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd;
By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child,
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more,
Children not thine, have trod my nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short liv'd possession! but the record fair
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;

Thy morning bounties, ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heav'n, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak and stroke my head, and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,

Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might,—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean cross'd),
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar."
And thy lov'd consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side;
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course;
Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.

My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretentions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, nor sought in vain,
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'er to soothe me left.

BAPTISM OF AN INFANT AT ITS MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

Mrs. Lydia A. Sigourney.

WHENCE is that trembling of a father's hand,
Who to the man of God doth bring this babe,
Asking the seal of Christ? Why doth the voice
That uttereth o'er its brow the triune name,
Falter with sympathy? And most of all,
Why is yonder coffin lid a pedestal
For the baptismal font.
And again I ask—
But all the answer was those gushing tears
Which stricken hearts did weep,
For there she lay—
The fair young mother in that coffin bed,
Mourned by the funeral train. The heart that beat,
With trembling tenderness to every touch
Of love, or pity, flushed the cheek no more.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Eliza Cook.

I LOVE it! I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you learn the spell? A mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear,
To gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live:
She told me shame would never betide
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim and her locks were gray;

And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped;
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled;
I learn'd how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering lip and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops steal down my cheek;
But I love it! I love it! and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

THE DYING MOTHER.

LAY the gem upon my bosom,
Let me feel the sweet warm breath,
For a strange chill o'er me passes,
And I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure,
Scarcely given, ere I go;
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,
But a blessed shore appears;
Kneel beside me, husband dearest,
Let me kiss away thy tears.
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,
Strive from midnight until day,
It may leave an angel's blessing
When it vanisheth away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
'Tis not long she can be there;
See! how to my heart she nestles,
'Tis the pearl I love to wear.
If in after years, beside thee
Sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music,
And her face than mine more fair;

If a cherub calls thee "father,"
Far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first-born, O my husband!
Turn not from the motherless.
Tell her sometimes of her mother—
You can call her by my name;
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,
If she errs, O gently blame!

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping,
I will answer if she calls,
And my breath shall stir her ringlets,

When my voice in blessing falls;
Her soft black eye will brighten,
And wonder whence it came;
In her heart when years pass o'er her,
She will find her mother's name.

TO MOTHER.

Emanuel Vitilas Scherb, from Switzerland.

FULL twenty years have passed away,
(They seem now but a single day)
Since last I saw thee, mother.

But I was then a wayward child
And very young, and very wild,
Alas! thou knowest it, mother;
And high my passions wine did foam,
I could no longer stay at home,
I wanted through the world to roam,
Away from thee, dear mother.

I knew not then what now I know—
That through the world, where'er you go,
You find no second mother;
I thought then in my foolish mind,
With wild romantic notions blind,
That everywhere I was to find
Human hearts as warm and kind

As the one I left behind—
As thine, thou kindest mother.

And so I rushed into the world,
By stormy, fiery passions hurled
Away from thee, dear mother.
And on the whirlwind did I ride,
Without a goal, without a guide,
Wandering far and wandering wide,
And always farther from thy side—
Thy side, my blessed mother.

I roamed and roamed the world around,
But what I sought I never found,
I never found it, mother.
I sought for nothing more nor less
Than an ideal happiness,
Sought Paradise in the wilderness,
And could not find it, mother.

I sought a heart, I sought a soul,
I sought a love intense and whole,

A deathless love, O mother!
I sought for glory's stainless shrine,
I sought for wisdom's drossless mine,
Sought men and women all divine,
And never found them, mother.

And worried by the endless race,
And sickened by the fruitless chase,
Old, cold, and faint, O mother!
With breaking heart and darkened eye,
I bade my soaring hopes good-by,
And weary both of earth and sky,
I laid me down, and yearned to die,
To die and rest, O mother!

But he whose name be ever blest,
Who loves us more and knows us best,
Took pity on me, mother;
And from his own effulgence bright,
He sent imparting strength and sight,
A quickening ray of heavenly light
And peace—his peace, O mother!

And now life's stormy days are past,
My heart at last, at last
Has found its haven, mother.
By wild desires no more distrest,
No passion now can heat my breast,
Save one which has outlived the rest,
The earliest, deepest, and the best,
My love to thee, dear mother.

But thou hast left this vail of tears,
And winged thy way to better spheres,
Far from thy child, O mother!
The boundless gratitude I owe,
The heart's warm love I fain would show,
The tender care I should bestow,
My thousand debts of long ago—
I cannot pay them here below,
I cannot pay them, mother.

But thou so gentle, and so mild,
Thou wilt not spurn thy erring child,
Thou wilt forgive me, mother.

Behold the days are running fast,
I'm with the old already classed,
Soon will the darksome vail be passed;
Then comes the hour, when at last,
My spirit arms around thee cast,
I shall repay thee, mother.

MY MOTHER.

ALAS, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes, then we think of the mother that loved us, and to her our hearts turn yearningly.

MY TRUNDLE-BED.

R. M. Streeter.

AS I rummaged through the attic,
Listening to the falling rain
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane,—
Peering over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the recess
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sung in sweetest accents
What I since have often read:
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,

Came with all the gush of memory,
  Rushing, thronging, to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
  To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
  By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
  Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
  Carefully the words she said.
Never can they be forgotten,—
  Deep are they in memory driven:
"Hallowed be thy name, O, Father;
  Father! thou who art in Heaven."

This she taught me; then she told me
  Of its import, great and deep;
After which I learned to utter,
  "Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was with hands uplifted
  And in accents soft and mild,

That my mother—"Our Father,
Bless, O, bless my precious child!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has slumbered, 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God.
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle-bed.

ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

AT length, then, the tenderest of mothers is gone;
Her smiles, her love, accents, can glad thee no more;
That once cheerful chamber is silent and lone,
And for thee all a child's precious duties are o'er.

Her welcome at morning, her blessing at night,
No longer the crown of thy comforts can be;
And the friend seen and loved since thine eyes first saw light,
Thou canst ne'er see again; thou art orphaned like me.

MORE severing of tender cords, and more wounds that never heal, result from the mother's death than from any other event that can take place in any home.

MOTHER'S VACANT CHAIR.

T. De Witt Talmage.

I GO a little farther on in your house, and I find the mother's chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well. It was an old chair and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved, but there was music in its sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Oh, what a chair that was. It was different from the father's chair—it was entirely different. You ask me how? I cannot tell, but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick day of children other chairs could not keep awake, that chair always kept awake—kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies, and all those word-

less songs which mothers sing to their children. Songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined. That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or garret, but it holds a queenly power yet.

When at night you went into that grog-shop to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that said: "My son, why go in there?" and louder than the boisterous encore of the theatre, a voice saying: "My son, what do you here?" And when you went into the house of sin, a voice saying: "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?" and you were provoked at yourself, and you charged yourself with superstition and fanaticism, and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home, and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said: "What, a prayerless pillow?" Man! what is the matter? This! You are too near your mother's rocking-chair. "Oh, pshaw," you say, "there is nothing in that. I'm five hundred miles off from where I was born. I'm three thousand miles off from the Scotch kirk whose bell was the first music I ever

heard." I cannot help that. You are too near your mother's rocking-chair. "Oh," you say, "there can't be anything in that; that chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that. It is all the mightier for that; it is omnipotent, that mother's vacant chair. It whispers. It speaks. It carols. It mourns. It prays. It warns. It thunders. A young man went off and broke a mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and a telegram brought the son; and he came into the room where she lay, and looked upon her face and cried out: "O, mother, mother, mother, what your life could not do your death has effected! This moment I give my heart to God!" And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair.

THE MOTHER PERISHING IN A SNOW-STORM.

Seba Smith.

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wandered with her child;
As through the drifting snow she passed,
Her babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow;
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone;
"Oh, God!" she cried in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child."

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think the babe was warm;

With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler went by
And saw her 'neath a snowy vail,
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;
He moved the robe from off the child,
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

DEAD MOTHER.

But when I go
To my lone bed, I find no mother there;
And weeping kneel to say the prayer she taught;
Or when I read the Bible that she loved,
Or to her vacant seat in church draw near,
And think of her, a voice is in my heart,
Bidding me early seek my God, and love
My blessed Savior, and that voice is hers;
I know it is because these were the words
She used to speak so tenderly, with tears,
At the twilight hour, or when we walked
In the spring among rejoicing birds,
Or peaceful talked beside the winter hearth

THE DEATH-BED.

Thomas Hood.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

DEATH SCENE.

Phebe Carey.

DYING, still slowly dying,
As the hours of night rode by;
She had lain since the light of sunset
Was red on the evening sky,
'Till after the middle watches,
As we softly near her trod,—
When her soul from its prison fetters
Was loosed by the hand of God.

One moment her pale lips trembled
With the triumph she might not tell.
As the sight of the life immortal
On her spirit's vision fell;
Then the look of rapture faded.
And the beautiful smile was faint,
As that in some convent picture
On the face of a dying saint.

And we felt in the lonesome midnight,
As we sat by the silent dead,

What a light on the path going downward
The feet of the righteous shed;
When we thought how with faith unshrinking
She came to the Jordan's tide,
And taking the hand of the Savior,
Went up on the other side.

LIPS I HAVE KISSED.

LIPS I have kiss'd, ye are faded and cold;
Hands I have press'd, ye are covered with mould;
Form I have press'd, thou art crumbling away,
And soon on thy bosom my breast I will lay.
Friends of my youth, I have witnessed your bloom;
Shades of the dead, I have wept at your tomb;
Tomb, I have wreaths, I have flowers for thee,
But who will e'er gather a garland for me?

LINES BY WHITTIER.

AND yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold,
Thy love hath lĕft in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
When cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
When near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

A MOTHER'S DEATH.

DEATH comes an unsought guest to every board, and at his spectral bidding some loved one goes forth to his mysterious home.

Time and philosophy may teach resignation unto hearts made desolate by his coming; but they can never fill the vacancy therein when she that was our mother no longer casts a halo about our darkened hearth. A mother's place—so loved—so worshiped—once empty, must be forever so. A breast once panged by a mother's death no medicine can reach with healing. No man however scarred, no heart however hardened, can forget the gentle being who gave him life. A mother is truly our guardian spirit upon earth; her goodness shields and protects; she walks with our infancy, our youth and maturing age, ever sheltering us with her absorbing love, and expiating our many sins with her blessed prayers. And when our mother, with all her burden of love, her angelic influence, her saintly care, ceases her beauteous life, how much we lose of home

of happiness, of heaven, no one can reckon; for our mother was none but ours, and *we* only can know how holy she was, how sacred her memory must ever be.

But may we now borrow consolation from the thought that our loss is heaven's gain; that surely her angel spirit watches over us, erasing with grateful tears the records of our sins, and making easy our path to her, with blessed and blessing prayers.

MOTHER'S LOVE CANNOT DIE.

MOTHER'S love is the purest and the best of any love born on earth, and it is as unselfish and undying as eternity's years. Other loves may die, mother-love never will, never can.

THE DYING MOTHER.

FRESH in our memory, as fresh
As yesterday, is yet the day she died.
We gathered round her bed, and bent our knees
In fervent supplication to the Throne
Of mercy, and performed our prayers with sighs
Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks
Of self-abasement; but we sought to stay
An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe for heaven.
The room I well remember, and the bed
On which she lay; and all the faces, too,
That crowded dark and mournfully around.
But, better still,
I do remember, and will ne'er forget,
The dying eye; that eye alone was bright,
And brighter grew as nearer death approached.
"God help my children!" we heard her say, and heard
No more. The angel of the covenant
Was come; and, faithful to his promise, stood
Prepared to walk with her thro' death's dark vale.

And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears, and closed without a cloud;
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the temples of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

—*Pollok.*

"'TWILL ALL BE RIGHT IN THE MORNING."

IT will all be right in the morning,
I murmured then through the night,
As I watched her heavily breathing,
And longed for the coming light.
It came with its golden sunshine,
And I turned to my mother's bed,
To kiss her lips as a welcome,
But I found my mother dead.

TO MY DEAD MOTHER.

Otway Curry.

SLEEP on, the cold and heavy hand
Of death has stilled thy gentle breast;
No rude sound of this stormy land
Shall mar thy peaceful rest;
Undying grandeur round thee close
To count the years of thy repose.

A day of the far years will break
On every sea, and every shore
In whose bright morning thou shalt wake,
And rise to sleep no more—
No more to moulder in the gloom
And coldness of the weary tomb.

I saw thy fleeting life decay,
Even as a frail and withering flower,
And vainly strove to while away
Its swiftly closing hour;
It came with many a thronging thought
Of anguish ne'er again forgot.

In life's fond dreams I have no part—
No share in its resounding glee;
The musings of my weary heart
Are in the grave with thee;
There have been bitter tears of mine
Above that lowly bed of thine.

It seems to my fond memory now
As it had been but yesterday;
When I was but a child, and thou
Didst cheer me in my play;
And in the evening still and lone
Didst lull me with thy music's tone.

And when the twilight hours began,
And shining constellations came,
Thou bid'st me know each nightly sun
And con its ancient name;
For thou hadst learned their love and light
With watching in the tranquil night.

And then, when leaning on thy knee,
I saw them in their grandeur rise,

It was a joy in sooth to me;
But now the starry skies
Seem holier grown, and doubly fair,
Since thou art with the angels there.

The stream of life with hurrying flow,
Its course may bear me swiftly thro';
I grieve not, for I soon shall go,
And by thy side renew
The love which here for thee I bore,
And never leave thy presence more.

MOTHER-LOVE UNDYING.

WHEN rolling years shall cease to move, when the days of all men have been numbered, and when the earth shall have wandered away through space and been lost, mother-love will still live on as undying as the throne of God.

ON DREAMING OF MY MOTHER.

STAY, gentle shadow of my mother, stay;
Thy form but seldom comes to bless my sleep.
Ye faithless slumbers, flee not thus away
And leave my wistless eyes to wake and weep.
Oh! I was dreaming of those golden days,
When, "Will" my guide, and "Pleasure" all my aim,
I rambled wild through childhood's flowery maze,
And knew of sorrow scarcely by her name.
Those scenes are fled,—and thou, alas, are fled,
Light of my heart and guardian of my youth.
Then come no more to slumbering fancy's bed,
To aggravate the pangs of waking truth;
Or if kind sleep these visions will restore,
O let me sleep again and never waken more!

—*Little's Living Age.*

RECOLLECTIONS.

IT was thirty years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound beneath which I saw her buried. Since that mournful period a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered, too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless creature whose cheeks she had so often kissed in an excess of tenderness.

But the varied events of thirty years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smiles. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday, as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was yet in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that, had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed

would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one, but the thought of it now pains my heart.

My mother had been ill a long time, and I became so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice that I was not frightened by them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when day after day I returned from school and found her the same, I began to believe that she would always be spared to me; but they told me she would die.

One day when I had lost my place in the class, and had done my work wrong, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but met me with the same gentle smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirty years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it. She requested me to go down stairs and bring her a drink of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred

years old, she said: "Will not my child bring a drink of water to her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I set the water down quickly and left the room. After playing about for a short time I went to bed without bidding my mother good-night. But when alone in my room in darkness, and in silence, I remembered how pale she looked when she said: "Will not my child bring her mother a drink of water?" I could not sleep. I stole into her room to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my room, resolved to rise early in the morning and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! When I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessings, it was so cold that it made me start. I bowed down by her side and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought

then I wished to die and be buried with her; and old as I now am, that event is one of the bitterest recollections of my life; and while I live, I shall never cease to regret it. When I think of mother; when I think of her death, of her grave, or of her home in heaven, this careless, thoughtless, and cruel conduct of mine is always present. No act of my life has given me so much pain.

—*Anonymous.*

THE DEATH OF EVE.

George Waterman, Jr.

'TWAS evening tide. The fiery charioteer
Who guides the courses of the king of day,
Had urged his ascent up the azure space
Which links the orient with the distant west,
Until his burning wheels a moment paused
Upon its utmost height. A moment more,
And the descending archway mirrored forth
The brilliant glories of the irradiant king!
And now, before he reached the utmost bound
Which severs day from night, he paused again
And cast a lingering look on scenes behind.
Beneath a bower, near Eden's eastern gate,
Around whose leafy side in festoon hung
The richest, sweetest flowers of orient birth,
Reclined the dying mother of mankind.
The constant partner of her every joy,
And (since that fatal day, when perfect bliss
Fled their polluted bower and sped his way

To holier scenes beneath the throne of God)
The constant partner of her every woe,
Beside her knelt. Her children, too, were there;
Not all, for one was not. Long since his voice
Had ceased to mingle with their pious song,
As with the fading light of evening sky
They offered up their joyous notes of praise
To him who rules the skies. One other still
Was absent from that lonely group, which thus
In silence gathered round the mossy couch,
To view a sight on earth unseen before—
A mother's dying hour. That other one
Now roamed a stranger to that holy peace
Which springs from pardoned sin, with Heaven's broad seal
Of reprobation on him.

Some ere this
Had gazed upon the pallid corpse of him
Whose blood was by an elder brother shed;
Then nature, tremblingly, stood aghast; and God,
Before whose face a murdered brother's blood
For retribution cried, in anger spoke,

And midst the gloom his vengeful powers displayed.
Now all was calm. Serene the sun declined,
And naught except the breeze's silken hand
Disturbed the ringlets on her fainting brow;
But soon a trembling seized that gentle form—
A trembling passed through every nerve and limb—
Unwonted paleness sat upon her face,
And shortened breath spoke dissolution nigh.
"Companion of my life," at length she said,
"The hour is come. The oft-lamented doom,
Which by my guilt we both incurred, now waits
Its consummation. Speak to me, once more,
Forgiveness of the rash and dreadful deed
Which exiled us from Eden's blissful shades
To wander here and reap the bitter fruit
Of our rebellious act." Sudden she ceased;
For thought of joys for disobedience lost,
And pain and death by her own hand incurred;
And more, the hatefulness of sin itself,
Her utterance sealed. A look of tenderest love
From Adam's moistened eye, her sorrows calmed,
While from around full many a tear bespoke

The strength and tenderness of filial love.
"My children," she resumed, "you too have heard
The tragic tale of Eden's shameful fall.
'Tis woeful for a mother thus to name
The sad inheritance she leaves to those
She holds most dear. For you I still must grieve;
Yet weep not thus for me. Even now
A shining seraph, from above, like those
We often saw amid the flowery walks
Of Paradise, whispers into my ear,
In accents sweet, of endless joy above,
And bids me look on-high. There Abel lives;
And drest in robes of spotless innocence,
Before the Golden Throne adoring bends.
With him a convoy of celestial ones
Comes to attend my parting soul above,
Where sin is known no more.
"Hark! they draw near!
I see them now! Softly! they beckon me
To join their song—a song so sweet, like that
They sung when erst they saw Creation's work
Wrought and complete. But hark! a single voice

And one well known, I hear. 'Tis Abel's voice!
And with a sweet-toned harp alone he sings
A song unheard by all the heavenly choirs—
The wonders of redeeming love! That song
My voice shall join. Behold, the Blest Supreme
Extends a golden harp and bids me come!
Then quickly all farewell. 'Twill not be long;
For soon you, too, will join me there. Farewell!"
While thus she spoke, the solemn group had knelt
Around her sylvan couch, with listening ear,
To catch her every word. But when her voice,
Which seemed new-tuned to join the blissful song,
Pronounced that word "farewell," her eye stood fix'd,
Reflecting, like some gentle sleeping lake,
The silver beams of evening light; and when
The throbbing breast and quivering lips were stilled—
And smiles which faded not illumed the cheek,
As though the soul had left upon that face
The impress of its joy—then first a cry
Of anguish deep bespoke the heart-felt grief;
And mingled tears bedew'd that lovely form
Forever stilled in death.

THE OLD HOME WITHOUT MOTHER.

Albert Barns.

IT makes a sad desolation when from a happy home a mother is taken away, and when, whatever may be the sorrows or successes of life, she is to greet the returning son or daughter no more. The home of our childhood may be still lovely. The family mansion—the green fields—the running stream—the moss-covered well—the trees—the lawn—the rose—the sweet-brier may be there. Perchance, too, there may be an aged father, with venerable locks, sitting in his loneliness, with everything to command respect and love; but she is not there. The mother has been borne forth to sleep by the side of her children who went before her, and the place is not what it was.

There may be those there whom we much love, but she is not there. We may have formed new relations in life, tender and strong as they can be; we may have another home, dear to us as was the home of our childhood, where there is all in affection, kindness, and religion to make us happy, but *that* home is not what it

was, and it will never be what it was again. It is a loosening of one of the cords which bound us to earth, designed to prepare us for our eternal flight from everything dear here below.

LIFE is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the *soul.*

MY MOTHER.

Mrs. Helen C. Smith.

'TIS more than twenty years ago, in autumn cold and gray,
My gentle mother closed her eyes and passed from earth away.
Her wasted form, her pallid cheek, her sweet, angelic smile,
Told us that death was hovering near, though lingering for awhile;
But on that morning, while the stars paled in the light of day,
Amid the tears that vainly sought the dreaded hand to stay,
He bore her happy spirit hence across the swelling tide,
And half the light went out from home the hour my mother died.

My youthful days have long since flown to the returnless shore,
Yet oft in thought I live again those early seasons o'er;

My mother's calm and patient face, methinks I see it now,
Her cheerful smile, the lines of care that marked her thoughtful brow;
Her loving eyes still look on me through parting mists of years,
Her gentle voice still comforts me when I am bowed in tears;
I seem to see her form again, as once at close of day
She stood within the open door and watched her child at play.

And often in the dreams of night her cherished face I see,
And 'mid the old familiar scenes once more I seem to be;
Once more her hand is on my head, once more her voice I hear
Singing the hymns of other days, to memory ever dear.
How often in the summer morn that voice rose clear and sweet
In praise to God, while I, a child, followed her busy feet.

My mother's voice! Fond memory can no richer
treasure bring,
No songs are half so sweet to me as those she used to
sing.

No tales so well remembered are as those rehearsed to
me,
A happy, trusting little child beside my mother's knee;
Of all the gentle, loving words with which my life
was blest,
My own dear mother's were to me the wisest and the
best.

Yet oft as I look backward o'er the long, long waste of
years,
My heart is filled with sudden pain, my eyes grow dim
with tears,
As I recall with vain regret and many a secret smart,
How oft, in times of waywardness, I grieved her tender
heart.

My mother, when I think of all thy self-forgetting
zeal,

That sought another's grief to share, another's woes to heal;
The little shining deeds of love the world not often sees,
Ah me! I cannot count the worth of blessings such as these!
But still in fadeless memories they are treasured every one,
Those little golden threads of life her hands so deftly spun;
And often as in reverie they come again to mind,
I would that I might leave as rich a heritage behind.

AT MOTHER'S GRAVE.

WHEN I think of my mother, how tender and loving she always was to me, I am ashamed and humiliated that I am not a better man; and when I visit her grave, I never fail to renew my vows of faithfulness to her instructions and to Heaven.

SHE IS DYING!

SHE is dying! Big, cold drops are gathering
On her forehead, smooth and high,
And a more than earthly light is beaming
In her wild and brilliant eye.
'Neath the finger beats her pulse as lightly
As a feather swayed by air;
And as cold as winter's snowy shrouding
Are her hands so thin and fair.

She is dying! Ope the western window
Wide, and let the sunset ray
Greet once more on earth her fading vision,
Ere her spirit pass away.
Let her breathe the pure sweet air of heaven;
Let her hear the wild bird's song—
Quickly bring some water cool and limpid,
Moist her parched lips and tongue.

She is dying! Loved ones are bending
O'er her pale and wasted form;

One her icy hand is fondly pressing;
Tears of grief are gushing warm.
Now her bloodless lips are trem'lous moving—
Brighter grows her brilliant eye—
Ears are bent to catch the broken whisper
Of her long and last good-by.

She is dying! See the smile of rapture
Playing on her pallid face;
Bright, seraphic forms are waiting—
Soon she'll feel their sweet embrace.
It is finished! Death's dread struggle's over;
Homeward has the spirit fled;
Cold and lifeless in the arms of the dread monster
Lies the mother—she is dead.

MEMORIES OF MOTHER.

THERE is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a strange land, but has thought of the mother that looked on his childhood, that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity:—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be dearer to her for his misfortune.

MY MOTHER'S WHEEL.

IN the shadows creeping o'er
Narrow pane and attic floor,
Stands a wheel with mold'ring band,
Turned no more by foot or hand;
Dust upon it deeply lies,
Tiny specks that cloud the eyes;
Over it the spiders spin
Daylight out and evening in.

As I sit beside it now,
Weary heart and aching brow,
Years go backward as the tide
From the silver seasons glide.
Life again is passing fair,
Sunshine glints my face and hair,
And a simple child I kneel
Happy by this little wheel.

Once again I hear its hum,
While the moments go and come;

See the tireless fingers hold
Finest threads like shining gold;
Busy till the sunset red,
Till the last faint beam is fled!
Spinning all the livelong day,
Hours of pain and joy away.

Faithful hands that toiled so long,
Lips that sung my cradle song,
Come and hush my sighs once more,
Lighten burdens as before!
Softly through the silent room
Floats a brightness through the gloom,
While her presence seems to steal
Back to me beside this wheel.

A WOMAN strong and firm to do the right,
Who with the old-time martyrs might have stood,
Yet full of sympathy with every mood,
In time of trouble cheery, still and bright.

—*G. Wetherly.*

THE PATHOS OF LIFE.

A PROFOUND thinker, after investigating the other religions of the world, past and present, will discover that it is the pathetic side of Christianity which gives it the strange stamp of divinity. Therein lies its power of deepening and broadening the emotional nature of mankind and womankind, and rendering them noble and progressive. It is, also, the pathos of the soul which tells best of its immortality. Nothing could be more pathetic than the last request of the late Governor Wiltz, of Louisiana. "Stand in the sunlight that I may look on you as I die!" said he. And the weeping wife left his bedside, and, with the light pouring in upon her face and form, was the last object on which the eyes of the dying man rested.

An incident occurred in Jersey City not long since, which must bring something more than sympathy to the eyes of sensitive people. Twenty years since the husband of a poor woman entered the army as a soldier in the late civil war, but was not heard of again. Dur-

ing all that time she had supported herself by manual labor of a severe character, and accumulated over four hundred dollars, when she died. Her death was supposed to have been caused by sudden illness, and, when found by her neighbors, her eyes were stonily fixed on the clothes of her baby, which she had treasured since her husband departed for the battlefield. She had prepared to die, and made herself a shroud in which she robed herself, and spread on a chair at the head of her bed were a white veil and garments supposed to have been used by her when a bride. A portrait of her baby was found in a chest, along with the clothing of a tiny being some two years old. She had laid the chest open so she could see them, and thus contentedly resigned herself to death.

A mother's love! it is a gleam
Of sacred light,
That makes the world an Eden seem.

—*Mrs. Gardner.*

MY MOTHER KNELT IN PRAYER.

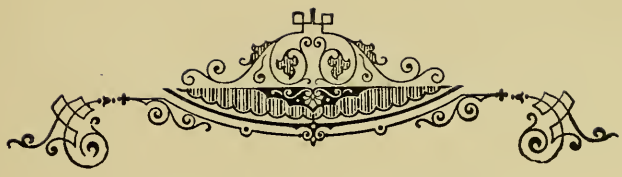
—*Thomas McKeller.*

ONCE in my boyhood's gladsome day,
My spirits light as air,
I wandered to a lonely room
Where mother knelt in prayer.

Her hands were clasped in fervency,
Her lips gave forth no sound;
Yet, awestruck, solemnly I felt
I stood on holy ground.

My mother, all-entranced in prayer,
My presence heeded not;
And reverently I turned away
In silence from the spot.

An orphan wanderer, far from home
In after-time I strayed;
But God has kept me, and I feel
He heard her when she prayed.



MOTHER'S GRAVE.

She sleeps, she sleeps!
And never more
Will her footsteps fall by the old home door.

THE HOLY GRAVE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS BOOK.

C. C. Woods, D. D.

I stood alone,
About me softly fell the shadows gray.
The west that late had flushed with rosy tints
Now ashen grew as fled the sun afar
Like maiden who with paling cheek beholds
Her love depart.
Alone, yet not alone;
The evergreen a kindly welcome waved,
The rose-tree nodded as endowed with life
And pity. The gentle breath of eve
Fell on my heated brow as with
A mother's loving kiss enriched.
The marble white on which I leaned
Had gazed upon the sun until a warmth
Had touched its heart.
It brought no chill
To thrill along my nerves and tell
Of depths below. So tender was the hour,

A gentle peace descended on my heart
And holy memories filled my eyes with tears.
Then through the mist that sorrow sent
I read the legend carved upon the stone,
It came from Holy Writ, and fitting 'twas
The Word she loved so well should serve
As epitaph :
"Her children rise
And call her blessed ; her husband also, and
He praiseth her."
The device on the stone,
Two hands in farewell clasp, with "Till
We meet again," as if the passing spirit
Whispered back to one to whom she gave
In girlhood sweet, that priceless trust,
A woman's heart. * * * And he was dead.
Then mused I, with a thrill of tender joy,
"Bring chisel and remove that word which tells
Of time: Leave only hands in greeting joined
And 'We meet again;' for they have met
No more to sorrow o'er the ills
Of earth, or hand in hand to tread the path

Of pilgrims through the vale of tears;
But with new youth and fonder love endowed
To hold sweet converse through the rosy hours
Of that eternal day."

The light of sun
Was long since gone, and darkness grew apace,
Yet in my heart a light diviner fell—
The dust beneath me, though so holy, was
But *dust*—my mother was not there;
But safe with God and dear ones gone before.
Not there; yet will that lowly grave
Be Mecca to my wandering feet until
I cross the river dark, and tread
The shining way.

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

Lord Macaulay.

CHILDREN, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand; make much of it while you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the anxiety in that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the dark, uncaring world for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suited to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget the sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old church-yard, and still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

MY MOTHER.

MY mother! long, long years have passed
Since half in wonder, half in dread,
I looked upon thy clay-cold face,
And heard the whisper—"She is dead."

The memory of thine earthly form
Is dim as a remembered dream;
But year by year more close to mine
Doth thy celestial spirit seem.

When by the mouldering stone I stood,
Which marks the spot where thou art laid,
And with the daisies on the sod,
My little child in gladness played,

Oh, how my spirit longed to know
If from the heights of heavenly joy,
The love that watched my infant years,
Looked down to bless my bright-eyed boy.

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY."

IN an old church-yard stood a stone
Weather-marked and stained;
The hand of time had crumbled it,
So only part remained.
Upon one side I could just trace,
"In memory of our mother;"
An epitaph which spoke of home
Was chiseled on the other.

I've gazed on monuments of fame,
High towering to the skies;
I've seen the sculptured marble stone
Where a great hero lies;
But by this epitaph I paused
And read it o'er and o'er,
For I had never seen inscribed
Such words as these before.

"She always made home happy." What
A noble record left;
A legacy of memory sweet

To those she loved, bereft;
And what a testimony given
By those who knew her best,
Engraven on this plain rude stone
That marked their mother's rest.

So when was stilled her weary heart,
Folded her hands so white,
And she was carried from the home
She'd always made so bright,
Her children raised a monument
That money could not buy,
As witness of a noble life,
Whose record is on-high.

A noble life, but written not
In any book of fame;
Among the list of noted ones
None ever saw her name;
For only her own household knew
The victories she had won,
And none but they could testify
How well her work was done.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

M. C. Henderson.

THE grave of my mother is on an elevation that overlooks a beautiful village where many an hour was spent in study and recreation in days of boyhood. A marble slab marks the place where we laid her to rest, nearly a score of years ago. Occasionally during these years have we stood by her grave, while precious remembrances have crowded upon our mind, and the sweet hope of meeting again cheered our sad hearts burdened with care and the responsibilities of life, and our home far away; but a mother's grave, with all the hallowed associations clustering around, can never be forgotten.

The grave of a mother is indeed a sacred spot. It may be retired from the noise of business, and unnoticed by the stranger, but to *our hearts* so dear. The love we bear to a mother is not measured by years, is not annihilated by distance, nor forgotten when she sleeps in dust. Marks of age may appear in our homes, and on our persons, but the memory of a mother is

more enduring than time itself. Who has stood by the grave of a mother and not remembered her pleasant smiles, kind words, earnest prayers, and assurances expressed in a dying hour. Many years may have passed away, memory may be treacherous in other things, but will reproduce with freshness the impressions once made by a mother's influence. Why may we not linger where rests all that was earthly of a sainted mother? It may have a restraining influence upon the wayward, prove a valuable incentive to increased faithfulness, encourage hope in the hour of depression, and give fresh inspiration in Christian life.

OVER MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I LOVE to stay where my mother sleeps,
And gaze on each star as it twinkling peeps,
Through the bending willow which lonely weeps
Over my mother's grave.

I love to kneel on the green turf there,
Afar from the scenes of my daily care,
And breathe to my Savior my evening prayer
Over my mother's grave.

I well remember how oft she led,
And knelt me by her as with God she plead,
That I might be his when the sod was spread
Over my mother's grave.

I love to think how 'neath the ground,
She slumbers in death as a captive bound;
But she'll slumber no more at the trumpet sound
Over my mother's grave.

—*Apples of Gold.*

There's a land far away, 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time.

MEDITATIONS.

Once more the grave is opened,
The coffin and the shroud * * *
Prepared, and the dead laid out for burial. Swift
And sudden came the blow, and the freed spirit
Took its heavenward flight, and rested with its God.
Grief is dumb, and
Sympathy is silent here. None but children know—
Thy children, mother; their hearts alone can tell
Thy worth, thy love, thy tender watchfulness.
Long years of care and fond endearment, and kind words
Of excellent instruction, have firm enstamped
On memory's tablet what no words can tell, and
What sorrow in her silent depths, at the sad loss,
Alone can know. Oh, mother, mother, thou art gone;
The hearth thy presence honored now is lone
And desolate. Tears are here, and the sable robes
Of mourning through these halls glide gloomily, for
Thou, our joy, our love, our dear, dear mother, art not.
Oh, we see thee now as in past happier times

We saw thee, as with that old worn Bible on thy knees
Thou didst read its living pages, and gather thence
Its truths divine and heavenly sweets. We hear thy
Kind words of teaching from its pure Oracles,
And tell thy warm desire that we might find its hopes
Our hopes, its Faith, as thine, our chiefest stay. Mother,
Tell us—Do bright spirits know each face in heaven?
Do they mingle hearts which once on earth were joined?
Do they speak of earthly meeting, and bring past joys
To mind? Oh, then we'll part with thee with chastened
hearts,
For thou art there, and we will cherish all thy words,
And meet thee in the skies in high and heavenly
Converse, to part not forever, ever more.

—*Lewellyn.*

AT MOTHER'S GRAVE,

James Aldrich.

IN beauty lingers on the hills
The death smile of the dying day,
And twilight in my heart instills
The softness of its ray.
I watch the river's peaceful flow
Here standing by my mother's grave,
And feel my dreams of glory go,
Like weeds upon its struggling wave.

God gives us ministers of love
Which we regard not, being near,
Death takes them from us—then we feel
That angels have been with us here!
As mother, sister, friend, or wife,
They guide us, cheer us, soothe our pain;
And when the grave has closed between
Our hearts and theirs, we love in vain.

Would, mother, thou couldst hear me tell
How oft, amid my brief career,

For sins and follies loved too well
Hath fallen the free repentant tear;
And in my waywardness of youth,
How bitter thoughts have given to me
Contempt for error, love for truth,
Mid sweet remembrances of thee.

The harvest of my youth is done,
And manhood come with all its cares,
Finds garnered up within my heart
For every flower, a thousand tears.
Dear mother, couldst thou know my thoughts,
Whilst bending o'er this holy shrine,
The depths of feeling in my heart,
Thou wouldst not blush to call me thine.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

George D. Prentice.

THE trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the opening flowers like souls at rest;
The stars shine gloriously, and all
Save me are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave,
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head; when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'T is a sweet, sweet flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow;
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die;
To leave untasted life's dark bitter streams—
By thee, as erst in childhood lie,
And share thy dreams.

But I must linger here
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear,
With bitter tears.

Aye, I must linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee.

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

O, come while here I press
My brow upon thy grave; and in those mild

And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

And when the evening pale
Bows, like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stay to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

ALONE.

I WAS forty years old when mother died, was married, and she had nursed my children; but I never felt more alone in the world than when I turned away from her new-made grave.

SHE SLEEPS.

Sarah K. Bolton.

She sleeps, she sleeps!
When the morning light
Disperses the shadows of solemn night,
When dew-drops are gleaming on leaf and spray,
When blossoms are wooing the new-born day;
When bright birds are singing o'er hill and glen—
Will she wake, will she speak
To her loved ones then?

She sleeps, she sleeps!
When the day-beam dies
In the crimson and gold of the evening skies,
When the south wind whispereth low and sweet;
When the starlight comes with its silvery feet;
When night brings rest to the homes of men—
Will she wake, will she speak
To her loved ones then?

She sleeps, she sleeps!
When the gentle spring

Returns from its southland wandering;
When the breezes sing and the children play;
When the reapers scatter the new-mown hay;
When they gather the sheaves of the golden grain—
Will she wake, will she come
To her home again?

She sleeps, she sleeps!
When the chilly winds
Shake the yellow leaves from the withered vines;
When the autumn moon is full and red;
When the birds are gone and the flowers are dead;
When the frost on the sward lies deep and hoar—
Will she wake, will she come
To her home once more?

She sleeps, she sleeps!
When they meet at night
In the cheerful glow of the home-fire's light;
When the wintry winds are wild and high;
When clouds are black in the cold gray sky;
When her husband's brow is pale with care—

Will she wake, will she come
To her dear ones there?

She sleeps, she sleeps!
And never more
Will her footsteps fall by the old home door,
Nor her voice be heard with its loving tone
By the lone ones left round her own hearth-stone,
She has gone, she has gone to her home afar—
To the beautiful land
Where the angels are.

NEARER THEE.

MOTHER! dear mother! the feelings nurst
As I hung at thy bosom, clung round thee first;
'Twas the earliest link in love's warm chain—
'Tis the only one that will long remain;
And as year by year and day by day
Some friend still trusted drops away,
Mother! dear mother! oh, dost thou see
How the shortened chain brings me nearer thee.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

HER hands are cold; her face is white:
No more her pulses come and go!
Her eyes are shut to life and light—
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

MEDITATIONS AT THE GRAVE.

MY departed mother once visited with me this lonely place, and thought and felt as I do now as she looked upon the graves of others; but sickness came—death came—and the funeral obsequies; and here now she reposes until wakened by the voice of the Son of God. Mortal—all are mortal; I will not thrust you from my mind, ye thoughts of frailty, for ye are messengers come from Heaven's high throne, to assist in binding my fleeting life to that which is immutable and eternal. I know, I feel, I too must die! True, this world is bright and beautiful, and it wearies me not; health flows through my veins and glows in my cheek; strength nerves my arms, and strong are the pulsations of my heart; my business, my family, and the many objects I wish to accomplish do press and clamor for death's delay; but he, the inexorable King of Terror, heeds not their voice, but disdains their entreaties. Death is coming; he has been approaching me year by ear, and day by day. The passing hours, and min-

utes, and seconds tell me as they fly that he is coming *nearer.* With an eagle's eye he holds me in view, and with a lion's heart he follows upon my path ; in the city or in the forest, by land or by sea, by night or by day, he never falters nor wearies. O, yes, I feel as I gaze upon yonder setting sun, that I have one day less—and now that gorgeous glow upon the mountain-top vanishes, and dies away in the starlit heavens—yes, one hour less to live, since I came here to commune with my mother, and with the dead. Yes, my last sickness will come—my physician will be calm and silent, he will breathe no word of hope,—my wife and children will weep around my bed—through the rooms with which I have been familiar for many years, it will be whispered, "*he is dying!*" and I will see the shadow of him who has so long pursued me fall upon my path—and I shall feel his skeleton hands clutch my heart-strings, while his icy embraces freeze my blood, and the tide of life stands still. Then it will be whispered through the house, "It is all over, he is dead!" All still—only the sobs of weeping loved ones will echo through that chamber where I bowed to the bidding of death. Cold and insensible

shall I lie, while the vigils of friendship shall be kept for the last night that I shall ever spend in my long and fondly-cherished home. And the morning light of another day will break, but I shall not welcome its coming. The chirping of the swallows and notes of the robin and thrush will not ravish my ears. The beautiful landscape, over which my eyes wandered with so much delight in early morn, will not be surveyed by me. Friends will gather around me, and draw aside the curtains to let in the light of day, that they may look upon my face, but I will not know them. They will caress and kiss the lifeless form, but my heart will not thrill under the pressure of affection's hand, nor my lips throw back the glow of friendship's kiss. No; I shall be dead! They will shroud me for my burial, but I shall not behold my white apparel. They will lay me in the coffin, and I shall offer no resistance. My familiar friends will gaze upon me there, but I shall not return their look. And those whom I most loved will give their last long look, and I am then shut out from the world in which I have lived and moved. Gently is the lid laid over my face, and screwed fast. Neighbors and

friends are gathered, and I am carried out of my house, never more to return. Even my name will pass from it, and strangers will dwell there. The funeral cortage will move sadly away from those ancient trees, and over that familiar road to this silent abode of the dead. And here they will lay me in the grave as they did my mother, by whose tomb I write. And the man of God will utter the solemn but hopeful words, "We commit this body to the ground—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—in hope of the general resurrection and the life of the world to come."

And, having performed this last sad office, they will return to their homes and leave me. I shall be alone in the grave; alone shall I slumber. Strangers will read my brief history, which the hand of friendship may chronicle upon the marble, and then turn away with a sigh, and say, "Such is the end of man." Those in whose memories I may live will often come to strew flowers over my grave and drop a tear of affection. They will plant the rose, the lily, and the evergreen, as emblems of a fragrant and beautiful immortality which they assign me in the Paradise of God. All this will

take place with me—yes, *all* may say with *me.* Ah! it is a solemn thought, that every step brings us nearer to the grave; a solemn thought that there is but one passage to eternity, and that lies through "death's iron gate." For—

"Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die, my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd,
To tell what's doing on the other side!"

MOTHER.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

EARLY one summer morning,
I saw two children pass,
Their footsteps slow, yet lithesome,
Scarce bent the tender grass.
One lately out of babyhood
Looked up with eager eyes;
The other watched her wistfully,
Oppressed with smothered sighs.
"See, mother," cried the little one,
"I gathered them for you,
The sweetest flowers and lilies,—
And *Mabel* has some too."
"Hush Nellie," whispered Mabel,
"We have not reached it yet,
Wait till we get there, my darling,
It isn't far, my pet."
"Get where?" asked Nellie, "tell me."
"To the church-yard," Mabel said.

"No! no!" cried little Nellie,
And shook her sunny head.
Still Mabel whispered sadly,
"We must take them to the grave,
Come, darling;" and the childish voice
Tried to be clear and brave.
But Nellie still kept calling
Far up into the blue:
"See, mother, see how pretty!
We gathered them for you."

And when her sister pleaded,
And cried and would not go—
"Angels don't live in church-yards,
My mother don't, I know."

Then Mabel bent and kissed her,
"So be it dear," she said,
"We'll take them to the arbor
And lay them there instead,
For mother loved it dearly,
It was the sweetest place!"

And the joy that came to Nellie
Shone up in Mabel's face.

I saw them turn and follow
A path with blossoms bright
Until the nodding branches
Concealed them from my sight.
But still, like sweetest music,
The words came ringing through:
"See, mother, see how pretty!
We gathered them for you."

AT THE SEPULCHRE.

HOW faded and dead that rose seems. But a few days since and it was one of the most beautiful that grew here. It came out early in the spring, and from the day it first commenced to bloom, it has been my favorite and pet. I have watered and nursed it, day after day, and have watched its wide leaves unfolding themselves with a more than ordinary interest. I love flowers dearly, and the more when they are so very beautiful. I love, too, to pluck and carry them to those whose hearts are warm in sympathy with mine. This, I think, is a fitting place for them to bloom, and here their tender language is doubly sweet. How beautiful that red rose; its language is that of love. And how appropriate; for none but our best, and most sacred, and loving emotions are awakened when we are here. Here the ordinary difficulties of life are forgotten, and we feel that we are walking among the dead. Here we come to cultivate the feelings of tender regard for those who sleep in these silent sepulchres. Here friends and

enemies lie side by side, and no discordant note disturbs the stillness of their long, long sleep. Here, too, the rose, in all its crimson hues, blooms out above them, filling the air with its fragrance, and lifting its tender arms up toward that land where love reigns supreme. But this one, this withered one, that I have loved and cherished so much, it has wilted and the cold chilling winds of death have paled its crimson leaves. So fade and die those we love most and dearest. Early in the spring-time, its parent stem, reaching up, twined its tiny fingers about the branches of this little bush, where, see, it still clings. When the flower commenced to unfold its pretty leaves, I was so delighted with their beauty that I have ever since watched and nourished it with cherished feelings of love and tenderness; not for the evenness of its color, but for the beauty of its zigzag capillaries that ran promiscuously through its leaves, and for the fresh life with which it was clothed. But it has withered, and its drooping head leans down toward the homes of the dead. Yesterday it was bright and beautiful; but when this morning's sun came up, it wilted, and drooped, and died.

Ah, how soon the most lovely objects of earth fly away. To-day, the youth is full of life and health, his cheek blooms as the rose, and he plans for years to come; but to-morrow, the fell destroyer lays his withering hand upon him, and he fades and dies, as has this rose. How true that life's joys are fleeting, and that we have no abiding city here. But there is a land where we shall gather flowers that will not fade, and where our friends shall die no more.

Many times have we visited this beautiful place, and watered and watched these flowers as they have unfolded above mother's grave, and the graves of the little children buried from her home. Here mother sleeps in holy quiet, while these flowers bloom over her silent abode. Here, too, is Dottie's grave, the child over whom she wept bitter tears, and at whose grave she planted flowers that still bloom as the summers come and go.

Yonder is a sister's, and there a brother's grave; and all around are the graves of our neighbors—those we knew and loved in years long gone; and here by mother's side is a vacant place for us. When she died,

it was her request that we be buried by her side. Some time a grave will be dug here, and we will be brought and buried low in the ground. Then loved ones will plant flowers over us, and water them; and, perhaps, care for them as we care for these. Friends will visit these grounds, and as they pass my grave, will linger for a while and talk of me and of my life's work. They will speak of the book I am now writing, of my mother, and of the love I cherished for her, and of how lonely life was to me when she was gone; they will talk of those buried near me here, and, perhaps, of the want of care about my grave, and then pass on. My children will gather flowers, and scatter them over my grave; and talk of how I suffered before I died, and how I loved them, and tried to care for them, and provide for them. They will speak of the last few days of my life, of the physician who attended me in my last illness, and of those who were present when I died. How strange it will be when my hands are folded across my breast and I am laid in a coffin, and buried here in this cold ground, where no one can ever look on me again. Dear mother, speak to me; tell

me how it seems to be covered up in the grave? My heart is crushed in sadness, and I long for one word; one token that will inspire my languid hope. Mother, speak to me! But, alas! I know that mother cannot speak, and so will it be with me some time. I will be buried here; I will be shut up in a coffin and lowered in the ground, and the man of God will say, "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes." I will be left deep down in the dreadful grave, the clods will be tumbled in on top of me, and I will sleep that sleep that knows no waking. Dear me, how awful the thought! How will I escape? Where can I fly away so that this frightful fate may not be mine? What can I do that I may not die and be buried? Oh, the cold and cruel grave! But, alas, I must come here, and be buried in the ground! May my mother's God help me to meet this fate with courage; that I may die as she died, full of faith and hope.

"That awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test."

THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

Mrs. Felicia Hemans.

Come nearer!—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your mother and embrace her now
In still and solemn trust!
Come nearer!—once more let kindred lips be pressed
On her cold cheek; then bear her to her rest!

Yet weep, and it is well;
For tears befit earth's partings!—Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seemed to dwell
Where'er she moved—the welcome and the blessed;—
Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest.

Look yet upon her, whose eye
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth!
Was she not fair amid the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?—

But now where death has power, may love be blessed;
Come near, and bear ye the beloved to rest.

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quenched!—for her the past
Is sealed. She may not fall, she may not cast
Her brightest hope away;
All is not here of our beloved and blessed—
Leave ye the sleeper with her God to rest.

THOU angel spirit, who so oft didst sing
My infant cares to sleep upon thy breast,
Let me but hear the rustling of thy wing,
Around thy child its guardian influence fling!
Oh, come thou from the islands of the blest,
And bear my weary soul up to thy sainted rest!

DEATH AND FUNERAL.

THEN died lamented in the strength of life
A valued mother.
All her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, in one tremendous stroke;
Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
And terror grew till every hope was gone.

Slowly they bore with solemn steps the dead,
When grief grew loud, and bitter tears were shed.

We left her in the silent grave alone,
The mother we shall never cease to moan.

Arrived at home, how then we gazed around,
In every place where she no more was found;
The seat at table she was wont to fill;
The fireside chair, still set, but vacant still;
The garden-walks, a labor all her own;
The lattice bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday pew she filled with all her race;—

Each place of hers was now a sacred place,
That, while it called up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart and forced them still to rise

Oh, sacred sorrow by whom souls are tried,
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide;
Still let me feel for what the pangs are sent,
And be my guide, and not my punishment.

MY stricken heart to Jesus yields
Love's deep devotion now;
Adores and blesses—while it bleeds—
His hand that strikes the blow.

HALLOWED GROUND.

COME unto the church-yard near,
Where the gentle whispering breeze
Softly rustleth through the trees;
Where the moonbeam pure and white,
Falls in floods of cloudless light,
Bathing many a turfy heap
Where the lowlier slumberers sleep;
And the graceful willow waves,
Banner-like, o'er many graves;
Here hath prayers arisen like dews,—
Here the earth is holy, too;
Lightly press each grassy mound;
Surely, this is hallowed ground.

HEART-THROBS.

F. R. Anspach.

VISITS to the places where our departed repose are prompted by the instincts of humanity and the suggestions of love. They have been withdrawn from those circles which their presence made glad. Their voices mingle no more in the hymn of praise which rises around the family altar; they are not of the number which meet around the cheerful hearth, and in their retirement they claim from us an occasional visit to their graves. The remotest period in my history to which memory points is when, about five years of age, I was alone in the green lawn that stretches out before the home of my childhood, calling my sainted mother, and wondering why she did not answer my call and hasten to my side. And, were it permitted, would she not have withdrawn herself from her angel companions and winged her flight to the presence of her lonely child? Yea, I know not but that she was present with me, and her gentle spirit may have held my thoughts in communion with her. It is a beautiful and consoling

thought, and one certainly not in conflict with, but rather encouraged by, the teachings of inspiration, that we have our guardian angels to accompany us through life; to minister to us in a way we know not; yet defending us from the assaults of the tempter, and bearing us safely through the dangers which encompass the road in which we travel. God promised to Israel that his angel should guide and guard them through all their wanderings. And by whom, among the armies of those spirits around Jehovah's throne, would the office to guard and guide us be more fondly accepted, and more faithfully executed, than by those who have been removed from us, but who still love us?

The doctrine concerning guardian angels, though perhaps not as clearly revealed as many others, yet has its foundation in that universality of belief which clothes any dogma with something of a divine sanction. It may be regarded as belonging to that class of truths which enter into all creeds, because they have never been questioned, but always received the cheerful assent of the hearts and minds of all men. The Jews firmly believed that it was the prerogative of each one to

be accompanied by an angel, whose office was to shield them from those destructive influences, physical and moral, by which they were surrounded. And the belief in guardian angels is equally general among Christians. And if the idea were even imaginary, and possessed nothing real in itself, it would still be well to cherish the belief for the sake of the influence which this persuasion exerts upon the mind. For by a law of nature, as powerful as it is sure in its operations, man becomes gradually identified with the feelings and sentiments of his companions, until he is altogether assimilated to their character. If we are continually associated with persons whose minds are cultivated, and whose characters are adorned with lofty virtues, we will perhaps inperceptibly, yet steadily, rise to that intellectual and moral elevation which they occupy, and ultimately be conscious of a perfect harmony of sentiment, of taste and disposition with those who have attracted and moulded our spirits into the image of their own. And in view of these results which the law of intercourse invariably produces, the persuasion of attendant spirits will necessarily exert an elevating and

purifying influence upon us. Our intellectual and moral exercises will partake of the dignity and sanctity which are peculiar to those of angelic beings. And if to this we add the consideration that among those invisible ministers commissioned to guard us, there is one whom we fondly cherish; a sainted mother moving with us through this busy and bustling world; hovering about our path by sea or by land, by day or by night, in public and in private, a spectator of all our actions and a witness of all our ways; will not this conviction be a sleepless prompter to virtue, and a constant monitor to warn us against vice? Will not the felt nearness of some such beloved spirit animate us in every good work, and make us strong in every conflict?

Is it at the grave of a beloved mother where we stand? My mother! O what a world of thought, what an ocean of bliss there is in this holy word! Yes, here sleeps my mother. She who forgot the anguish of her soul in her joy that I was born. She whose eyes were held waking over my infancy, when all others slumbered but the eye above. She whose love rendered her perceptions so keen and far-sighted

that she perceived and guarded me against dangers while they were yet distant. She who quieted my feeble cries on her gentle bosom. She who first bent over me in devout supplications. She whose last words were words of blessing, and whose angel spirit, as it rose from that couch of suffering to eternal mansions, shook from its wings the incense of prayer upon my head. Blessed holy one, who lived in her child. Rejoiced when I was happy; was in anguish when I was pained. The first to know and to relieve my sorrows. The first to be interested in my childish prattle, and to guide my tottering footsteps. Dear departed one! shall I not here recall thy watchful care and unwearied love, and thank the Good Being who gave me such a treasure in thee? Such thoughts and feelings are fitting at such a place where a mother sleeps, and becoming those who can appreciate a mother's affection. For who that has enjoyed her care, and received her instructions, may not breathe out his soul in sentiments such as shine in the poem of Cowper, on the receipt of his mother's portrait?—

"My mother! manhood's anxious brow
And sterner cares have long been mine,

Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
As when upon thy bosom's shrine
My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest,
And thy low whisper'd prayers my slumber blest.
I've por'd o'er many a yellow page
Of ancient wisdom, and have won,
Perchance, a scholar's name—but sage
Or bard have never taught thy son
Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth,
As those his mother's faith shed on his youth."

But, perhaps, some of my readers may have had the misfortune, like the writer of these pages, to lose their mother before they could know her, or appreciate her worth. And O what reflections are those of which we are conscious at her tomb! If we could but recall her image, or the accents of her voice, or the thrilling touch of a mother's caresses! Alas! all this is denied to some, and there is nothing left to tell them how she looked; for there were few pencils then employed to transfer the image of the living upon the canvas, and the sunbeam had not then learned to engrave likenesses upon the polished plate. Did I say there was nothing left to assist the imagination in the creation of her image? O, yes; every virtue which

brightens our character was warmed into life by her love. For, although the seeds of those virtues which adorn our characters are divine, because they came from heaven, yet were they planted by a mother's hand and watered by a mother's tears; and they have matured in our lives, because the eye of a covenant-keeping God rested upon her prayers, as chronicled in his book. O my beloved, my sainted mother! Though I never looked upon thy face to know thee; though not conscious at the time that it was the music of thy throbbing heart that lulled me into peaceful slumbers; though unknown to the sense of my sight, my spirit knows thee, and no human heart has ever thrilled with a holier love than mine for thee! Yet again shall I be folded in thy embrace; for thy tomb reminds me that I am mortal, and thy prayers have prevailed with God, for thy son is on his pilgrimage to Zion; and when weary and wayworn on my journey, the thought that I shall know thee in heaven as my mother, animates me with new strength, and I press onwards to our blessed home on-high.

THE REPOSE OF THE HOLY DEAD.

THERE is no place where Christianity glows with such a divine lustre, and where its consolations are so precious and sublime, as at the grave where we commit a cherished one to rest. Its hopes loom out upon the gloom that oppresses the heart there as the sun when it bursts full-orbed through the dark storm-clouds which obscure the canopy of heaven. However much we may have pondered the mysteries of the gospel and appreciated its lessons, we can never understand its priceless value so fully as when its light bursts through our clouds of dark calamity, and spans them with the bow of promise, as its rays are reflected by our tears. We may have often heard and read the blessed announcement "that Christ brought life and immortality to light," but there we feel it. We may have admired that charming promise, "When thou goest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the

Lord, thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior." But, ineffably more precious did we find this promise in our deep afflictions, when our souls felt the conscious presence and support of the everlasting arms underneath us. As the rose gives out its most delicious fragrance when it is crushed, so do the promises of God breathe their healing balm most effectually when pressed upon hearts broken with sorrow.

SAINTLY SYMPATHY.

WHEN once we close our eyes in death,
And flesh and spirit sever;
When earth, and fatherland, and home,
With all their beauty, sink in gloom—
Say, will it be forever?

Will we, in heaven, no more review
Those scenes from which we sever?
Or will our recollections leap
O'er death's dark gulf, at times, to keep
With earth acquaintance ever?

THE VOICE FROM OVER THE RIVER.

—*Lillie E. Barr.*

"COME back," we cry, and through the silent place
Of our bereavèd homes, the echoes fall;
But yet returns no fair and shadowy face,
In answer to our passionate recall.

"Come back," we cry, and o'er the river cold
Send sore beseechings to the other shore;
And a sweet voice, heard from the days most old,
Makes answer thus, "They will return no more.

"Never again! The long and bitter strife
Of the Eternal out of Time is o'er;
They have a fairer and a purer life,
Call not the dead; they will return no more."

"What comfort, then?" "That thou be patient here,
In service faithful, in complainings dumb;
Then o'er this river some day I shall hear
Thy voice command—'Go tell my dead *I come.*'"

NO HOME.

WHEN the honeysuckles bloom,
And the wrens flutter o'er
Their nest in the vine,
As they have for years before,
My heart flutters o'er
A long-deserted nest,
And cries out for home—
Home and the rest.

When wild roses shed their leaves
O'er the rocks with moss o'ergrown,
And I think of the summers
That over them have flown,
My heart would be a rose,
To scatter, year by year,
Its petals o'er the rock,
Changeless and drear.

When the night winds in the pines
Sing their songs of the sea,

And I seem to be rocked
  As my mother rocked me,
And dream I am lying
  Below the ground-bird's nest,
With the pines above me sighing,
    In dreamless rest—

'Tis sweet to know a home
  Awaits me, so still,
'Neath shadows of leaves,
  On a breeze-haunted hill.
There my mother's ashes lie,
  There on Mother Earth's breast,
My heart will find a home—
    Home and rest.

SHE was my friend—I had but her—no more,
  No other upon earth—and as for heaven,
I am as they that seek a sign, to whom
No sign is given. My mother! Oh, my mother!

"REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

Sleep here in peace!
To earth's kind bosom do we tearful take thee;
No mortal sound from rest again shall wake thee;
No fever-thirst, no grief that needs assuaging,
No tempest-burst above thy head loud-raging.
Sleep here in peace!

Sleep here in peace!
No more thou'lt know the sun's glad morning shining;
No more the glory of the day's declining;
No more the night that stoops serene above thee,
Watching thy rest like tender eyes that love thee.
Sleep here in peace!

Sleep here in peace!
Unknown to thee the spring will come with blessing,
The turf above thee in soft verdure dressing!
Unknown will come the autumn rich and mellow,
Sprinkling thy couch with foliage golden yellow.
Sleep here in peace!

Sleep here in peace!
This is earth's rest for all her broken-hearted,
Where she has garnered up our dear departed;
The prattling babe, the wife, the old man hoary,
The tired of human life, the crowned with glory,
Sleep here in peace!

Sleep here in peace!
This is the gate for thee to walk immortal;
This is the entrance to the pearly portal,
The pathway trod by saints and sages olden,
Whose feet shall walk Jerusalem the golden.
Sleep here in peace!

Sleep here in peace!
Fear not on *earth* shall be man's rest eternal;
Faith's morn shall come. Each setting sun diurnal,
Each human sleeping and each human waking,
Hastens the day that shall on earth be breaking.
Sleep here in peace!

Sleep here in peace!
Faith's morn shall come when He, our Lord and Maker,
Shall claim his own that slumber in God's acre;

When He who once for man death's anguish tasted,
Shall show death's gloomy realm despoiled and wasted.
Sleep here in peace!

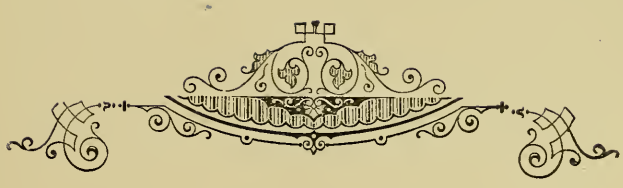
IT may be autumn, yea, winter, with the woman—but with the mother, as a mother, it is always spring.—*Rev. Thomas Cobbett, 1665.*

I THINK it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children, as well as the sins of the fathers."

—*Dickens.*

HER office then, to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit,
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each.

—*Tennyson.*



MOTHER'S
HOME IN HEAVEN.

"I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the snowy sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before;
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me."

When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS BOOK.

Susan E. Wallace (Mrs. Gen. Lew. Wallace).

Vain is any attempt to measure the loss of a mother to her little children; after all the poets have sung and lovers dreamed, outside of heaven there is no love like mother-love. We believe the tender care devoted to those nearest and dearest, went with her to the better land, and in the possibilities of eternity, may be needed hereafter. We fancy her awaiting them in the place prepared for her, a little apart from the innumerable company in bright array; perhaps in one of the

—— "palaces of ivory,
Its windows crystal clear,"

of which old Bonar quaintly sung. In the light, not of the sun, neither of the moon, we see her beyond the fields of fadeless asphodel, under the waving palms, beside the still waters bordered with silver lilies. These may be merely figures, but they bear a precious meaning to yearning hearts made for the deep household loves; hearts that will not be comforted because the Angel of the House is missing.

OUR FUTURE HOME.

HEAVEN is the central point of the universe of God. If we are allowed to reason from analogy on a subject like this, we might make out more than a plausible or probable proof. If we examine any thing that is systematically arranged, we shall discover that it contains some controlling principle or power, which governs the entire structure; so that every system has a central point to which all that forms a part of it tends. It is to the centre of the earth that all the things within the range of our atmosphere gravitate. And in like manner, all the planetary systems have their central suns, around which they perform their revolutions. And if so, is it not a warrantable conclusion, that God, whose controlling energy fills the universe, has chosen the centre of his vast dominions as his own appropriate residence, where he will perpetually reside with all his saints? The opinion certainly commends itself to our judgment, and also falls in with the gorgeous imagery of Scripture, which throws an ineffable splendor around the abode of the righteous. But if we

are left to conjecture in regard to the particular location of that "house of many mansions," prepared for the redeemed, we are not left in doubt as to the nature and employments of the place.

And here I would remark, that we have abundant reason to believe, from the many declarations of Scripture as to the appearance and structure of the place, that it is invested with a lofty physical grandeur. Admitting that it is a place, and keeping in view the object for which it was provided, and the resources and skill of the Architect of the structure, we would naturally conceive it to be possessed of exalted excellence. The monarch who wields the sceptre of earthly empire, does not make his largest expenditures upon the improvement of his provinces and cities farthest from the seat of royalty; on the contrary, the style and structure of his palace, and the adornments of the imperial city, will share more largely in his munificence than any other portions of his dominions. The place where the powers of government reside, and the interests of state are shaped, is generally made attractive, and in most instances honored with higher decorations than any

other. And is it not our privilege to believe that the home which the Ruler of the universe has fitted up for his children, will be clothed with a more excellent glory than any other part of his dominions? Such an inference is not more natural than we believe it to be just; for the imagery which inspiration employs to represent heaven, is always of a glowing character. Our Savior himself speaks of it under the idea of a vast structure containing many apartments. "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." And if he who fashioned the heavens and the earth has fitted up that abode, will it not correspond with the character of his other works? And are not all his creations beautiful? There is a beauty in the winged cloud and in the circling wave! There is a beauty in the setting sun, and in the dawn of day! There is beauty in the warbling streamlet and its spotted tribes! There is beauty in the forest, in the field, in the dew-drop, and in the ocean! Look out upon the earth, and see! Is it not beautiful, though it rests under the curse? With what a ravishing glory does it roll forth to our view,

clothed in that rich and varied robe which nature puts on in spring. Behold the mountains and continents, rivers and seas, all are arrayed with a grandeur that delights and charms the observer. But if the glorious Maker of all things has given so many visible displays of his power and goodness, and clothed with glory the sun, the moon, and the stars, and covered the whole creation with so many visible beauties, may we not rest confidently assured that the home of his chosen ones is invested with a transcendent glory? His own presence will make it glorious beyond conception. For while his glory gleams from every star, and shines in every sun, and is sung in every anthem of nature, all the brightness, goodness, and excellence scattered through the universe are only rays or emanations which have gone out from him, as the infinite centre of all that is lovely and glorious.

The physical glory of the place may also be inferred from the names by which it is known. Heaven is called the Paradise of God. The Eden where Adam and Eve dwelt when garnished with a rare excellence. A garden watered by four rivers, adorned with flowers

and fountains, and peopled with every object that could excite pleasurable emotions; and yet was it only an emblem of our future home. The apostle John describes the New Jerusalem as a city built of the most costly materials. "Its foundations were garnished with all manner of precious stones, and with walls of jasper." "A city of pure gold, and with gates of solid pearls." "And the glory of the nations was brought into it." "And a river of water clear as crystal flowing from the throne of God." "And in the midst of the street thereof, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves thereof were for the healing of the nations." "And there shall be no night there." And thus, also, in all the other inspired books where heaven is spoken of, do we find it represented under the most brilliant emblems. The material creation is laid under contribution for images descriptive of the physical grandeur of that blessed abode. And who can doubt that the most sublime and gorgeous figures will fall short of the reality? Nay, its blessedness and glory will far transcend even

the high-wrought imagery of Inspiration. For however well-conceived and graphic any representation of it may be, the figure is but a shadow, and can never rise to a full conception of the object which it is designed to image. Could the pencil of Raphael have transferred the living grandeur of Niagara upon the canvas? Can any artist paint an evening sunset with its appropriate gorgeousness and the mellowing beauty of its vanishing glories? And if not, why should it appear marvellous that the glowing descriptions of heaven cannot adequately or fully acquaint us with its actual perfections. The skill and resources of Jehovah have been laid out upon it. Man has constructed elegant palaces, and wrought many attractive things; but God did not commit the preparation of that mansion to man nor angels, but his own hand has fashioned it; and, therefore, it is doubtless true even of the physical excellencies of the home of the pure that "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard; neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath laid up for those who love him."

But the future home of Christians is also possessed

of a moral glory. It is an abode of spotless purity. This holiness of heaven is represented under the image of light. Light is the only material substance that is altogether pure. Gold is not perfectly free from impurities; and the gems which sparkle in the imperial crown are not as pure as the sunbeams which they reflect. Light may pass through an impure medium, and fall upon the stagnant and foul pool without being tarnished. And since it is not only perfectly pure, but warms and illumes the world, it is used as an image of piety and holiness.

And as the purity and the blessings of light made it a fit emblem in the estimation of inspired writers to represent the nature and effects of religion, so also for the same reason is it appropriately used to describe the purity and felicity of heaven. Hence it is written, "And there shall be no night there." No physical night, no darkness, shall ever mantle the celestial fields; no intellectual night, no errors of judgment, no fallacious conclusions of the reasoning faculties. But above all, there will be no moral night. All the angels are holy. And as to the saints, they are like Christ;

bearing his image, and reflecting his glorious holiness, as the planets reflect the light of the sun. "He is able to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." "Then," said the Savior, "shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of the Father." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever." "They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy." "The sufferings of this present time," says the apostle, "are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed in us." These and many other passages represent to us the holiness of the saints. They are holy as God is holy. And what an inconceivable moral splendor must, therefore, clothe that heavenly world! What a dignity and glory would cover the earth, were all its inhabitants morally pure! But alas! it is not so here; for this world is a moral waste, with here and there a flower waked into bloom by the quickening power of Divine grace. This earth is a land of storms and tempests, of tears and woes. Here we groan, being burdened with many imperfections, and oppressed with many trials. One calamity

after another sweeps with desolating power over those cherished spots where we rejoiced in the light of earthly prosperity; and we move about in that circle once radiant with joys, and vocal with voices forever hushed on earth, and fill it with our lamentations, and water it with our tears. Here we are continually reminded of the evil of sin, and the miseries with which it embitters life. But yonder we shall have passed beyond the reach of its influence; for in that home of bliss there is no curse, no sin, no sorrow, no death.

It is also a happy and glorious home. There there is perfect harmony, and, therefore, perfect peace. No disturbing element can enter there to conflict with our happiness. Here we are never secure against those numerous external evils and internal corruptions which mar our tranquillity and disturb the peace of our souls. But as all those influences which agitate and afflict our spirits are caused by sin, and as in heaven we shall be perfectly holy, we shall also be perfectly happy. And besides the absence of all disturbing causes and jarring elements, the saints are also in possession of all that

can possibly contribute to the enjoyment of a rational being.

But it is also a glorious home in view of the society of the place, and the relations they sustain to each other. The apostles speak of heaven as a house, a city, a commonwealth, or association of believers. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Among the elements which will enter into our happiness in that blessed home, the employments in which we shall engage will constitute a large item. To me it has always seemed an erroneous supposition that the activities of the saints are wholly taken up in acts of praise and contemplations of the perfections of Deity. That these exercises will enter largely into their occupations is morally certain; but that they are the only and exclusive employments does not appear probable. There are many other methods besides this contemplation through which the excellency of the divine character may be discovered and admired. The history of creation will be an absorbing theme of interest and

study. For with it are associated the grandeur, the might, the wisdom, and goodness of God. The extent and duration of his kingdom and being, the profundity of his counsels, and the sublimity of his power and glory, are all brought under review in the volume of creation. Communications from those sons of light who were spectators of that event may be imparted to the saints. And add to this the fact that God will throw open to the inspection of his children the entire universe, and permit them to visit all the worlds that move in cloudless majesty through his vast dominions, and what sublime lessons will the mind learn as it sweeps over that field of immensity, studded with the magnificent creations of Jehovah! If the cultivated mind already derives its most exalted pleasures from devout astronomical studies, will it not experience infinitely greater delight, then, in viewing the motions and listening to the melodies of the spheres? And as the grandeur of God's creations was the frequent theme of prophets and inspired writers in general, and as nothing which they have written impresses the mind with a livelier sense of the might and majesty of the

great Architect than their allusions to, and descriptions of, the vast materialism which he has fashioned, so is it reasonable to infer that our impressions of the greatness of Jehovah will be proportionably increased as our conceptions of the extent and magnificence of his empire will be enlarged. We cherish it, then, as a precious conviction that those heavens into whose holy depths our eyes have so often and admiringly peered will become accessible to our spirits, and that it will be our privilege to survey and explore all the worlds with which they are peopled, as we now do the earth upon which we dwell.

Then our heavenly home will abide forever—it is eternal. This is its crowning excellence. That which greatly depreciates the value of the most desirable earthly possessions, and honors, and distinctions, is their liability to pass away; yea, the inevitable destruction which awaits them. Decay and death are imprinted upon all things. Among the properties which enter into the constitution of earthly objects, we neither find permanence nor indestructibility. God has impressed mutability upon all the works of man. No

magnificent city that he has built, no stately pile nor towering pyramid which his genius has planned and his industry has executed, but hath either crumbled into a heap of ruine, or has upon it the marks of decay. No, not the most costly and durable monument of marble or of brass will remain exempt from this inevitable doom. Man himself is an illustration of this frailty of human things; "for his days are as the grass, as a flower of the field he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place that knew it shall know it no more forever." "Our fathers, where are they?" "And the prophets, do they live forever?" Alas! what millions have gone down into the tomb, and what precious treasures does this earth hold over to the resurrection morn! Look we at our firesides and households; our families are growing less.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who has not lost a friend!"

The most lovely and happily-conditioned family has germinating within it, the seeds of death and dissolution. But the Christian dies but once, and dying, lives forever. We can stand by our deserted family

altars, and desolate hearths, and look up to our future glorious home, already occupied by our sainted friends, and rejoice, that decay and blight never fall upon the Christian's home in heaven.

No, it is permanent. Its foundations are laid in the immutability of Jehovah—its walls are immortality, its gates praise, and its day eternity. There it stands in its peerless glory, the metropolis of the universe, luminous with the light of God. And amid all the changes which may sweep with desolating power over thrones and kingdoms, it will stand radiant with salvation, and remain unshaken and unimpaired, amid—

"The wreck of matter
And the crash of worlds."

And may not those who have furnished inmates for that glorious home—who have watched by the pillow of the dying whom they loved, until their spirits took wing for that place of rest, derive comfort from the assurance that they are supremely blest! O you would not, if you could, my bereaved brother, or sister, silence one of the harps of heaven by bringing back

the spirit whose hand sweeps it to the praise of the Redeemer! Nay, the more you contemplate the glory of that home, and the blessedness of its occupants, the more you will become reconciled to the most painful bereavements; while the hope of entering *there*, will excite you to unremitted diligence to obtain that purity of heart, without which we cannot see God. Aged disciple, thou art near thy home; and oh, such a home! Labor patiently, thou man of toil, and wait calmly, for thy Redeemer draweth nigh! Weary, afflicted, desolate one, drink the cup which a Father's hand gives, for thy night of sorrow is fast passing away; for behold, the dawn of an eternal day of glory is now breaking.

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

James G. Clark.

THERE'S a land far away, mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time;
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime;
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll;—
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal
On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned
When we faint in the deserts of this.
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the evergreen mountains of life.

O! the stars never tread the blue heavens at night
But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the day never smiles from its palace of light
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are traveling homeward, through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb
From the evergreen mountains of life.

HEREAFTER.

'TIS sweet to think hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love on deathless wings shall waft her
To those she long hath mourned for here!
Hearts from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes this world can ne'er restore,
There as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

THE HOME OVER THERE.

D. W. D. Huntington.

OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white!

Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God!

I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

"HOME IS WHERE MOTHER IS."

WHEN the toils and cares of the day are over, and the children are at home from school, then comes the most delightful hour to the family circle. The outside world is dismissed, and father, and mother, and children are together in sweet communion and unshaken trust. There is no vacant chair. There is not a face missing. Death has never visited this home. The hour of retiring comes, and blessed with father's instructions and mother's prayers, the little group retire for the night. May it not be that angels hover over such a home during the silent watches.

But sickness comes. The mother is prostrated; a physician is called, but he gives no hope. Friends gather about the bed and look sadly on while the mother passes through the valley and shadow of death. The dreadful hour is over at last, and she is dead. Night comes on again, and a lonely watch is kept. How changed this home! What now is the "evening hour," and what must it be in all time to come?

Little children know no one so dear as mother;

they long for none so much, and even up to adult age—

"Mother, dear mother, my heart calls for you!"

The beautiful carrier-pigeons dart through the air like arrows at the rate of forty miles an hour, "going home." The little bird is a dear lover of home, and perils everything to get there. And so with all *human kind*—

"There is no place like home;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

And when from the family circle the mother is called away, the hearts of the children naturally turn toward that land where—

"Sickness, sorrow, pain, and death
Are felt and feared no more."

And however much they may shrink at "death's alarms," there is a strong feeling that henceforth "their home" is in heaven.

"I am going home to die no more,"

was her parting blessing to her loved ones.

"A home in heaven,
What a joyful thought!"

When mother is dead, and father is dead, and the family are scattered, there can be but one hope

and expectation of a family reunion. The manliness, and dignity, and industry of the father are things never to be forgotten, and his counsels have saved us many a blunder, but—

"No love like mother-love,
Ever was known."

And at that future family reunion we hope for, mother will be nearest and dearest of all.

Many a motherless and homeless child strays from the paths of right. No one knows so well as a mother how to guide the little feet. How lone and sad the motherless child; with, perhaps, no home, and no abiding friendships, or love, "in all the land," the heart at last turns towards—

"The home of the soul,
Where mother is waiting and watching."

Like the uncaged carrier-bird, the soul longs for home.

Mrs. Sigourney vividly portrays a scene where a little girl is passing through the dark valley and shadow of death—

"She told her faith in Jesus—
Her simple prayer was said;

And now that darkened vail she trod
Which leadeth to the dead.

"Yet mid the gasp and struggle,
With shuddering lips she cried
"O mother, dearest mother,
Bury me by your side!'

"One only wish she uttered,
While life was ebbing fast,—
'Sleep by my side, dear mother,
And rise with me at last.'"

Death itself seemed unable to separate them. Her thoughts, and feelings, and hopes were all of her mother; and the gloom of the grave and fear of the future were overshadowed in the comforting thought that mother would go along through it all, and would,

"Rise with me at last."

Home is where mother is, let that be among—

"The sepulchres of our departed,"

or in—

"The far-away home of the soul."

As the carrier-dove soars aloft, and surveys—

"The landscape o'er,"

and then speeds away home, so many a loved, and weary, and afflicted one gladly leaves—

"This land of sin and sorrow,"

for mother's home beyond the stars. What delight in that thought, and that rapturous hope, as it brightens into fruition, and the heart cries out—

"Oh, joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the beautiful river,
The angel of death shall carry me."

"THERE IS A WORLD ABOVE."

THERE is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

TO MY MOTHER.

—Noah W. Parker.

THERE lives and dwells in mansions far
Beyond the ken of erring mortals,
A soul whose virtues, like a star
Resplendent, shine beyond their portals.
A soul, so loving, kind and fair—
To me more dear than every other—
Who blessed me with her latest prayer,
And answered to the name of Mother.

The joys and griefs of childhood born,
She shared with all a mother's fervor,
My joys were jewels in her crown,
My griefs, her clouds of sadness ever.
For all my faults she made excuse,
My merits praised o'er every other,
She screened me from the world's abuse,
And taught me to adore—my Mother.

When youth with its ambitious fires,
Had nerved my soul to grand endeavor,
She cherished all my high desires,
And checked each gross outcropping ever.
At times, when evil took command,
And worldly lusts the good would smother,
No other, with the helping hand,
So quickly came to save, as Mother.

How oft my wayward steps have torn
That loving heart, and been forgiven;
How oft my chidings she has borne,
Is known but in the courts of heaven.
In heedless folly oft I've trod
O'er her fond heart, to please another,
While she would humbly ask her God
To pardon me, as would my Mother.

When manhood's years and business cares
At last compelled a separation,
She followed, with her fondest prayers,
My every step and avocation,

And then, as in my childhood's years,
A dearer friend than worldly brother,
She shared my joys and anxious cares,
As none can do, except a Mother.

If I could live my life again,
And had both wealth and worldly power,
And it would cause her heart one pain
Or drive her from me for an hour,
I'd give up all of worldly good,
Its pomp, its crowns, its giddy bother,
To prove to thee my gratitude—
My dearest, sun-crowned, angel Mother.

The sons and daughters of our race
Can never know, till death has taken
The mother from their fond embrace,
How great their loss, or how forsaken.
She molds the mind for cares of state,
She teaches man to love his brother,
And through the greatest of the great
She still remains a loving Mother.

If aught of truth my life has shown,
Or aught of manhood's high endeavor,
I owe it to that angel one
Who gave me life and loved me ever.
She left her sons and daughters all
A life whose years surpassed each other,
In all the noble traits that fall
Upon the sacred name of Mother.

Pile to the clouds the stones of fame,
For heroes who will live in story,
And grave on each the honored names
Of those who fill the cup of glory;
But higher still, and brighter far,
A name will shine o'er every other—
That dearest, sweetest monitor—
That race-upbuilding name of Mother.

ON the cultivation of the minds and hearts of women depend the welfare and the happiness of the race.

—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

MEMORIES.

—Horace P. Biddle.

I HAD a mother; but ere six summer's suns
Had kissed my boyish locks she was no more.
Thus gone my guide when life had just begun,
And I too young my guardian to deplore;
Yet memory wanders back to days of yore,
And finds one tender place no time can hide,
'Tis deeply printed in my bosom's core;
'Twas when she faintly called me to her side,
Kissed my wet cheek, begged blessings on her boy, and died!

THE tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face,
That are beaming on me all the while—
She is my mother

CHANGED HARMONIES.

—*Rev. James W. Mills.*

FAIR faces beaming round the household hearth,
Young, joyous tones in melody of mirth,
The sire doubly living in his boy,
And she, the crown of all that wealth of joy,—
These make the home like some sweet lyre, given
To sound on earth the harmonies of heaven.

A sudden discord breaks the swelling strain,
One cord has snapped; the harmony again
Subdued and slower moves, but never more
Can pour the same glad music as of yore;
Less and less full the strains successful wake,
Chord after chord must break, and break, and break
Until the earthly lyre, dumb and riven,
Finds all its chords restrung to loftier notes in heaven.

HOME AND HEAVEN.

—*Joseph Very.*

WITH the same letter, heaven and home begin,
And the words dwell together in the mind;
For they who would a home in heaven win
Must first a heaven in home begin to find.
Be happy here, yet with a humble soul
That looks for perfect happiness in heaven;
For what thou hast is earnest of the whole
Which to the faithful shall at last be given.
As once the patriarch in a vision blessed,
Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,
And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
Became to him the gate of heaven below;
So may to thee, when life itself is done,
Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.

CROSSING OVER.

IT may be that the loved of our homes who have gone on before are watching and waiting for us, and that when the hour of death shall come, they will not be far away. There are many events that have transpired at death's door illustrating and proving this beautiful thought. It is no inconsiderable thing for a suffering child to believe that a sainted mother will be near when death comes. Mother's name is the dearest of all earthly names, and in the saddest hours of life the child turns to her. I was at the bedside of a suffering woman, years ago, and although she was herself a wife and mother, when the gloom of death gathered around her, she called aloud for her own sainted mother.

"Mother, dear mother, my heart calls for you!"

And so when death comes, mother is dearer, and perhaps nearer, than any other one we have ever known. And when we approach Jordan's brink, she will be there to go with us over. This thought is illustrated by the following truthful and touching incident:—

"A little girl, a lovely and precious child, lost her

mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if, won by her mother's prayers, to turn instinctively heaven-ward. She was the idol of the family; but she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of a friend who bestowed a mother's kind care upon her, and winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say, 'Now tell me about my mamma.' And when the oft-repeated tale was told, she would say softly, 'Take me into the parlor, I want to see my mamma.' The request was never refused, and the affectionate child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But—

"Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial-hour grew nearer."

"That hour came at last, and the weeping friends assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower as its life's sun was going down. The little chest heaved spasmodically. 'Do you know me, darling?' sobbed the voice that was

dearest; but it awoke no answer. All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless features. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan, cuddling hands flew up in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far-above. 'Mother!' she cried with surprise and transport, and passed with that breath to her mother's bosom."

"When my final farewell to the world I have said,
And gladly lie down to my rest;
When softly the watchers shall say, 'He is dead,'
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
And when with my glorified vision at last
The walls of that city I see,
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,
Be watching and waiting for me?
There are old and forsaken who linger a while
In the homes that their dearest have left,
And a few gentle words or an action of love
May cheer their sad spirits bereft;
But the reaper is near to the long-standing corn,
The weary will soon be set free;
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be watching and waiting for me?"

MY MOTHER AT THE GATE.

O THERE'S many a lovely picture
On memory's silent wall,
There's many a cherished image
That I tenderly recall.
The sweet home of my childhood,
With its singing brooks and birds;
The friends who grew beside me,
With their loving looks and words;
The flowers that decked the wildwood,
The roses fresh and sweet,
The bluebells and the daisies,
That blossomed at my feet;
All, all are very precious,
And often come to me,
Like breezes from a better land,
Beyond life's troubled sea.
But the sweetest, dearest picture
That memory can create,

Is the image of my mother,
My mother at the gate.

It is there I see her standing,
With her face so pure and fair,
With the sunlight and the shadows
On her snowy cap and hair;
I can feel the soft warm pressure
Of the hand that clasped my own;
I can see the look of fondness
That in her blue eyes shone;
I can hear her parting blessing
Through the lapse of weary years;
I can see through all my sorrows
Her own sweet, silent tears.
Ah! amid the darkest trials
That have mingled with my fate,
I have turned to that dear image,
My mother at the gate.

But she has crossed the river,
She is with the angels now;

She has laid aside earth's crosses,
And the crown is on her brow;
She is clothed in clean white linen,
And she walks the streets of gold.
O, loved one, safe forever,
Within the Savior's fold,
No sorrowing thoughts can reach thee,
No grief is thine to-day;
God gives thee joy for mourning,
Thy tears are wiped away,
Thou art waiting in that city
Where the saints and angels wait,
And I'll know thee, dearest mother,
When I reach the Pearly Gate.

—*Anonymous.*

MY MOTHER.

Belle Bush.

MY mother's a beautiful spirit, and her home is the Holy Evangels;

There she feels neither sorrow nor pain, and treads not the path of the weary.

Years ago, in the bud of my being, I knew her a radiant mortal,

But the house of her soul decayed, and she fled from the crumbling mansion,

And over the sea of eternity, bridged by the hands of the angels,

Uniting the links of belief, with the golden chain of repentance,

She passed with the torch of prayer, to the opposite shore in safety.

When crowned with the garlands of love, she mounted the steps of the city,

Angels of *mercy* and *truth*, keeping watch at the heavenly portals,

Beheld her approach from afar, and flung open the pearly partitions;
With songs and loud hallelujahs, they welcomed the earth-ransomed stranger,
And guided her steps, till she stood on the brink of the life-giving fountain,
Where tasting its lethean waters, all the joys of the world were forgotten,
Save the beautiful bloom of the soul—the love in the heart of the mother.
This, the light of her life upon earth, now budded and blossomed in heaven;
Stately and fair it towered, and the hues of its leaves were immortal;
Strong tendrils grew out from each bough, and twined round the cords of her spirit,
While the zephyrs of Paradise played, and toyed with the delicate branches,
Till each leaf like a harp-string swayed, and murmured in strains Æolian,
And often in musical numbers reminded the wondering mother

Of the flowers she had left in the desert—her weary
and sorrowing children.
In their half-open leaflets she reads the pledge of her
glorious mission,
And rejoices that her love should gather those earth
buds to her bosom.
The angels beheld her in gladness rise up on those ra-
diant pinions
Which float on the air like a sunbeam, and rival the
dove in their fleetness.

Oh, my mother's a beautiful spirit, and her home is the
Holy Evangels;
But she comes on her soft floating pinions to look for
her earth-born children.
She comes, and the hearts that were weary no longer
remember their sorrow
In their joy that the lost is returned, our beloved and
radiant mother;
She comes, and our spirits rejoice, for we know she's our
guardian angel,

O'er our journey in life keeping watch, and giving us
gentle caresses.
She comes, she comes with the light that opens the gate
of the morning;
Her robes are of delicate pink, sweet emblem of holy
affection—
And her voice is our music by night, of perils and
storms giving warning—
And twined o'er her radiant brow are the amaranth-
blossoms of heaven.
She smiles, and the light of her smiles bringeth joy in
our seasons of darkness;
She whispers, and soft are the zephyrs that echo her
musical numbers,
As they waft o'er the chords of our being her thrilling
and fervent emotions.
We listen to her in our sorrow, and yield to each gentle
impression,
Till pleasant to us is the path leading down to the
rushing river;
O'er the swift rolling current of death we shall pass to
the homes of the spirits,

And waiting beside the still waters, our mother will be there to greet us ;
With songs she will welcome our coming, and fold us to rest on her bosom,
And teach us, like lisping children, to murmur the language of heaven !

Oh, my mother's a beautiful spirit, and her home is the Holy Evangels,
But she comes on the pinions of love to watch her sorrowing children ;
She comes, and the shadows depart, as we thrill to her gentle caresses.
Our Father in Heaven, we bless thee, that our mother's our Guardian Angel.

THE SPIRIT MOTHER.

Susan Pindar.

ART thou near me, spirit mother,
When in the twilight hour,
A holy hush pervades my heart
With a mysterious power;
While eyes of dreamy tenderness
Seem gazing into mine,
And stir the fountains of my soul,—
Sweet mother, are they thine?

Is thine the blessed influence
That o'er my being flings
A sense of rest, as though 'twas wrapped
Within an angel's wings?
A deep abiding trustfulness,
That seems an earnest given
Of future happiness and peace
To those who dwell in heaven.

And often when my footsteps stray
In error's shining track,
There comes a soft restraining voice,

That seems to call me back;
I hear it not with outward ears,
But with a power divine
Its whisper thrills my inmost soul,
Sweet mother, is it thine?

It well may be, for know we not
That beings all unseen
Are ever hovering o'er our paths,
The earth and sky between?
They're with us in our daily walks,
And tireless vigils keep
To weave those happy fantasies
That bless our hours of sleep!

Oh, could we feel that spirit eyes
Forever on us gaze,
And watch each idle thought that threads
The heart's bewildering maze;
Would we not guard each careless word,
All sinful feelings quell,
Lest we should grieve the cherished ones
We loved on earth so well?

HOME.

A CHILD, speaking to a friend of his home, was asked: "Where is your home?" Looking up with loving eyes at his mother, he replied, "Where mother is." Home! "What a hallowed name! How full of enchantment and how dear to the heart! Home is the magic circle within which the weary spirit finds refuge; it is the sacred asylum to which the care-worn heart retreats to find rest from the toils and cares of life. Home! That name touches every fiber of our soul. Nothing but death can break its spell." And, as dear as home can be, is the mother that presided over it, and that we loved. Long years may have flown since we saw that home, and since the dearest of all earthly friends has slept the long and silent sleep of death; but that home and that mother will never cease to awaken the sweetest recollections of our lives.

"Home, Sweet Home!"

Some years ago twenty thousand people gathered in the old Castle Garden, New York, to hear Jenny

Lind sing, as no other songstress ever had sung, the sublime compositions of Beethoven, Handel, etc. At length, the Swedish Nightingale thought of her home, paused and seemed to fold her wings for a higher flight. She began, with deep emotion, to pour forth, "Home, Sweet Home." The audience could not stand it. An uproar of applause stopped the music. Tears gushed from the eyes of that vast multitude like rain. After a moment, the song came again, seemingly as from heaven—almost angelic, "Home, Sweet Home!" That was the word that bound, as with a spell, twenty thousand souls, and Howard Payne triumphed over the great masters of song.

Home of our childhood! We are folded again in mother's arms. She is again leaning over us, and bathing our forehead and cooling our fevered brow. But, alas! that mother is no longer in that home. She has gone to live with the angels. But there is another home, a home beyond the stars; and mother has gone to live, "Where they know not the sorrows of time."

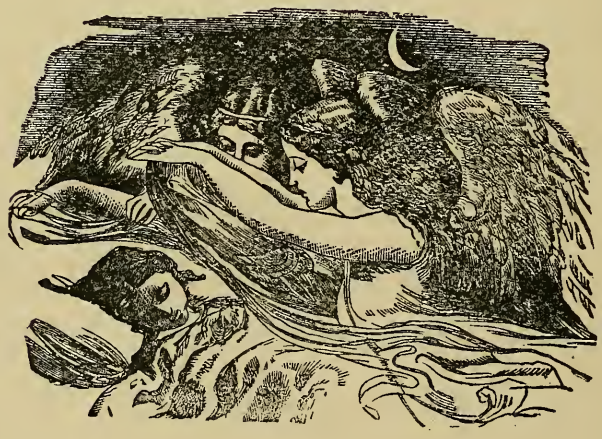
"Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Savior;

May we all there unite,
Happy, forever.
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel—
Never—no, never."

Heaven is the home that awaits us beyond the grave. At the best estate, we are only pilgrims here. Heaven is our eternal home. Death will never knock at the door of that mansion. "Parents rejoice very much when, on Christmas day, or on Thanksgiving day, they have their children at home; but there is almost always a son or a daughter absent from the country, or from the world." But, oh! how glad we will be when we are all at home, all safe at home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms, and swell like seas. Home! Let thrones decay and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggles, and be buried amid the procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying, no death, but home, sweet home. Beautiful home! Everlasting home! Home with each other!

Home with the angels! Home with God! Home with mother! Home! Home! By the grace of the dear Master, may we all get home.

Adieu, reader. Here we lay down our pen, but here we do not end our meditations. Our thoughts, and feelings, and hopes crowd onward still.



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